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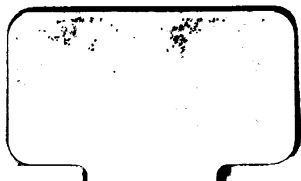








# **PLAYS AND POEMS.**



# GUZMAN THE GOOD

*A TRAGEDY*

## THE SECRETARY

*A PLAY*

AND

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

R. J. GILMAN

*SECOND EDITION, REVISED, AND WITH ADDITIONS*



LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY

1880

*Matone*

*K. 122.*

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## ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

---

THOU dost tell me where to borrow  
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;  
Mak'st the desolatest place  
To thy presence be a grace ;  
And the blackest discontents  
Be thy fairest ornaments.  
Poesy ! thou sweet'st content  
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,  
Though they as a trifle leave thee  
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;  
Though thou be to them a scorn,  
That to nought but earth are born ;  
Let *my* life no longer be  
Than I am in love with thee !  
Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
Let me never taste of gladness,  
If I love not thy maddest fits  
More than all their greatest wits.  
And though some, too seeming holy,  
Do account thy raptures folly,  
Thou dost teach me to condemn  
What makes fools and knaves of them.

GEORGE WITHER.



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# GUZMAN THE GOOD.

*A Tragedy in Five Acts.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SANCHO, King of Castile.

ALONZO DE GUZMAN (called THE GOOD), Governor of the  
Fortress.

PEDRO DE GUZMAN, his son.

VASQUEZ, a faithful follower of Guzman.

CARRARES, a Spanish noble.

JUAN, bastard brother of the King, in league with the Moors.

ABEN JACOB, King of Fez.

THE LADY CORONELA, wife to Guzman.

INEZ, a noble maiden, ward to Guzman.

ZORA, sister to Aben Jacob.

PHILIPPA, Juan's mistress.

NOBLES, PRIESTS, PHYSICIAN, ATTENDANTS, &c. &c.

### SCENE.

*The Fortress of Tarifa, and the Moorish Camp without.*

Time, 1294.

## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

---

THE leading incidents of this tragedy and its chief characters are historical. The fortress of Tarifa was besieged by Aben Jacob, King of Fez and Morocco, with his ally, the turbulent and licentious Prince Juan, brother of Sancho, King of Castile, and the defence of the place was voluntarily assumed by Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman, surnamed "The Good." Juan had some time previously undertaken to conduct Guzman's son to the court of Portugal, but instead of fulfilling the trust, carried him to Tangier, and there invited the invasion of the Moors. Unsuccessful in their attack on the fortress, the confederates formed the diabolical scheme of extorting its surrender by threatening the life of the youth, and Guzman remaining faithful to his trust, his son was slaughtered under the castle walls. Quintana\* thus describes the scene of Guzman's temptation,

\* "Lives of Celebrated Spaniards."



and its issue: "Dragging their manacled victim from his tent, they exhibited him to his parent, declaring that if the place were not immediately surrendered, his son should be slain before his eyes. At sight of his boy in such a situation, upon hearing his piercing cries, and the fierce threats of the assassins, tears of the most bitter anguish flowed down the father's cheeks; but his sworn faith to his king, the safety of his country, and the indignation naturally excited by so execrable a deed, struggled with his nature, and eventually triumphed, thus constituting him a perfect hero against the iniquity of man and the severity of fortune. 'I begat no son,' exclaimed the heart-torn Guzman, 'that he should be employed against my country, on the contrary, I begat a son for my country, in order that he might act against her enemies. If Don Juan give him death, to me he will give glory, to my child eternal life, and to himself eternal infamy in this world, and condemnation in that to come. And further, that it may be seen how far it is from my intention to surrender the place, and falter in my duty, I herewith fling my steel, if perchance a weapon should be wanting to complete this most atrocious deed.' He then drew the war-knife, which he carried at his belt, hurled it into the midst of the enemy's camp, and retired from the walls of the castle." Soon after the murder of Pedro, the Moors met with a severe defeat, and the place still holding out, the siege was raised. Juan ended his infamous career many years afterwards, in the reign of Alonzo XI, by whom,

although under a safe conduct, he was put to death. Thus traitorously slaughtered, the traitor died. Guzman the Good fell gloriously in achieving the conquest of Gibraltar from the Moors in the year 1306. From him are descended lineally or collaterally some of the noblest families of Spain; amongst them, the Counts of Montijo, ancestors of the Empress Eugénie.

For the incident in the tragedy of the stratagem by which Pedro is made prisoner, the author is indebted to Henry Neale's "*Romance of History*," Section Spain, by Don T. de Trueba, whose narrative has been pretty closely followed in other points, such as Don Juan's infamous offer either to buy or sell the fortress, Guzman's chivalrous reply, and his refusal to hold as hostage for his son the envoy himself. The character of Philippa is imaginary, and like the mission of Carrares to communicate with the Spanish army, is introduced to add interest to the story, by making its catastrophe not entirely dependent on the fortitude and fidelity of Guzman, which it must be felt from the first, cannot fail. Mrs. Hemans has treated the same subject in her dramatic poem of the "*Siege of Valencia*," a work containing much beautiful poetry, and passages of great pathos, eloquence, and power. At the conclusion of that poem her hero, Alvar Gonzalez, is made to die very nobly indeed, but the Author thought he took a higher view in adhering to history, and showing Guzman faithful unto death, triumphing over his mighty sorrow, and

living to serve his country. To write up to the epithet of "Good" and yet avoid the presentation of a faultless and rapid being, at once above and below human sympathy, was no easy task. The author feels that he has fallen far short of his ideal, but his aim has been a high one, and he can only entreat indulgence for the attempt to embody in his hero our Wordsworth's noble character of "The Happy Warrior."

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?

\* \* \* \* \*

One, who if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who, doomed to go in company with pain  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

\* \* \* \* \*

He who though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

\* \* \* \* \*

More able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress,

Thence also more alive to tenderness.

\* \* \* \*

More brave for this, that he has much to love.

\* \* \* \*

And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of heaven's applause.

This is the happy warrior ; this is he

Whom every man in arms should wish to be."



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# GUZMAN THE GOOD.

*A Tragedy in Five Acts.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### *Men.*

SANCHO, King of Castile.

ALONZO DE GUZMAN (called THE GOOD), Governor of the  
Fortress.

PEDRO DE GUZMAN, his son.

VASQUEZ, a faithful follower of Guzman.

CARRARES, a Spanish noble.

JUAN, bastard brother of the King, in league with the Moors.

ABEN JACOB, King of Fez.

### *Women.*

THE LADY CORONELA, wife to Guzman.

INEZ, a noble maiden, ward to Guzman.

ZORA, sister to Aben Jacob.

PHILIPPA, Juan's mistress.

NOBLES, PRIEST, ATTENDANTS, &c. &c.

### SCENE.

*The Fortress of Tarifa, and the Moorish Camp without.*

Time, 1294.

# GUZMAN THE GOOD.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Fortress.* GUZMAN seated, around  
him PEDRO, CARRARES, VASQUEZ, and NOBLES.  
SOLDIERS.

*Guz.* Ere we give audience to the envoy  
Who waits without, Vasquez, do thou report,  
How stand these old walls now supplied with stores?

*Vas.* For three weeks good, feeding as Christians should,  
And, eating our poor horses, full another.

*Car.* Rather than yield the place, we'll eat their harness.

*Guz.* Well spoken, like a true Castilian !  
Oh ! it doth make me young again, to see  
Your cheerful looks and confident behaviour.  
My gallant comrades, and ye faithful soldiers,  
No common cause had power to call me forth,  
Caparisoned again in warlike suit,



My gray hairs hidden 'neath an iron cap,  
And my old limbs clasped in with bristling armour ;  
The blood may creep that once leapt through these veins,  
But, Spain, it still is thine :—'twas not ambition  
That made me seek from Sancho, our brave king,  
The chief command in this—the key of Spain.  
For me the robe of state has little charm ;  
I've learned that ev'ry gem that glitters on it,  
Making it glorious, makes it heavy too.  
Think not, then, I covet this cumbrous pomp,  
But shame eat up my name if I e'er shun it,  
Or in my country's cause withhold my arm.  
What son would hear a mother cry for aid,  
Nor fly to succour her against a thousand ?  
Our country is our mother—it was she  
Who gave us life, and from her gentle breast  
Still yields us nourishment ; and shall we then  
When, in her need, she calls upon her children,  
And stretches out her arms, and bids them help her—  
Shall we, can we, be wanting ? Glistening eyes  
And flushing cheeks speak for you ; it were shame  
To doubt your stedfastness, or our success,  
Heaven blessing, as 'twill bless, our righteous cause.  
Admit the envoy now, and with strong hearts  
But courteous ears, let us receive his message.

*Enter JUAN in the dress of a Herald.*

*Ju.* Thus, lowly bending, to the noble Guzman,  
Unto Castile no reverence we use.

*Ped.* Save when ye feel in fight, Castilian swords.

*Guz.* Let those swords speak, then. Listen to the envoy.

*Ju.* Pardon, sir, if I said aught unseemly.

I'll should I execute my high commission,

Lacking respect before the noblest knight

That ever swayed the fortunes of a war.

*Guz.* I pray you to the point. Say why you come.

What would your general and king with us ?

*Ju.* My message, noble Guzman,

Is for thine own and not the general ear.

*Guz.* When yesternorn your powers came forth to war,

And swarmed like clustering bees around our ramparts,

Which of these chiefs lifted a nerveless arm ?

And when at eve, not lacking courtesy,

We gave you back your morning salutation,

Which then was backward of this noble throng ?

If such there be, point out, he shall retire ;

If not, declare your message.

*Ju.* If it must be so, thus then I tell it.

Look forth, brave Guzman, look forth from thy ramparts,

Behold the numerous and brave array,

The countless hosts, victors in many a fight,

Here hem thee in ; supplied with every engine

That art can frame, or valour can direct :

See the sun glistening on their polished arms,

The deepening shadow of their serried ranks :

The pleasant breeze, that dries upon thy forehead

The blood and sweat of war, is treacherous,

For every breath wafts foemen to thy shores.  
These gallant forces, swelling like a flood,  
Have power to crush, but rather far would spare ;  
And Aben Jacob bids me offer thee  
The lives of all : in honourable guise,  
Armed, and with banners floating, shall ye march,  
Whither ye will, so ye surrender now  
This place, which e'en an enemy must own  
Has been most well defended.

*Guz.* And didst thou come for nothing, then, but  
this ?

To tell us there were walls and ramparts round us,  
That Spaniards were within, and Moors without ?  
Take our brief answer.

We came to hold, and not to yield this place,  
And we do mean to hold it. When the day  
Shall dawn that hears the cymbal clash in air,  
The trumpet silent—sees the Crescent mount  
Toward the pure sky, the holy Cross abased,  
Then, then indeed, your triumph loud proclaim :  
But may these old eyes close before that day of shame !

*Ju.* 'Tis pity that so many gallant men  
Should vainly fall ; would Guzman but reflect  
If now there were a way to save this town,  
Might not a chief like him even, could it be,  
Avail himself of its advantages,  
And thus retain the place by policy,  
The conduct of the shrewd and skilful brain.

*Guz.* Speak plainly, I am weary of this game.

*Ju.* Shortly and plain, I will. Behold my drift.  
While Aben Jacob breathes but iron war,  
His comrade and ally, the Prince Don Juan,  
Bade me essay to learn if, unrewarded,  
The deed should go that placed within your power  
The Moorish king, and all his numerous host,  
Or changed the course of that red stream of war,  
That else sweeps on to devastate your land.

*Guz.* Oh traitor ! traitor ! doubly dyed in guilt !  
Is't not enough that he, the oft forgiven,  
Who turned his brother's mercy into folly,  
By his oft practised still repeated treason—  
Is't not enough that he should join the foes  
That war against his brother, land, and faith,  
But would he sell them also in their turn ?  
Away, away !—my spirit loathes the man  
Could be the bearer of so foul a message.

*Vas.* Think you a chaffering merchant governs here,  
Coming thus to us with a shifting face,  
To offer safety now to desperate men  
In very kindness, and anon to beg  
A golden cordial for defeated valour ?

*Ju.* The Prince Don Juan——

*Guz.* Dare not name him to me,  
Lest I forget thy custom'd privilege  
And on thy back with scourges write my answer.

*Ju.* And must I bear no other answer back ?

*Vas.* Your bare back soon shall bear so sore a message,  
That you shall wish you had been back the sooner.

*Ju.* Hoary barbarian ! stint these ribald jests.  
Most noble Guzman, I await your answer.

*Guz.* You have it, sir, away—the road is clear—  
“ Good knights nor buy nor sell the victory ; ” \*  
Let him have due refreshment ; afterwards  
Conduct him safely, Pedro, from the fortress.

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] Beyond my hopes ! the young bird shall be  
mine,  
For all the old one’s chatter. I’ve a way  
To avenge this scorn. [*Aloud.*] Guzman the Good, farewell.  
[*Exit* JUAN, *guarded.*]

*Guz.* Another care now presses on our time,  
Let us go see our wounded dying brothers.  
Oh God, the guilt and savagery of war !  
Oh that the conqueror in his hour of triumph,  
’Mid pealing bells, and shouts and pageantry,  
Would think what discords mingle with the music !  
The agonising cries which rend the air,  
The wailing and the sorrows, blood and tears !  
Ambition, from thy pageant turn aside,  
Go view the horrors of the hospital ;  
See there red Carnage show his reeking face,  
Hear curses rise from deathbeds mad with pain,  
Instead of holy prayers ; then ask thyself  
The question e’en the mightiest one day

\* This reply is historical.

Will have to answer without paltering—  
How many feet of land outweigh one human life?

[*Exeunt GUZMAN, &c.*

[*PEDRO is passing out at the other side.*

*Car.* I pray thee do not go ; I fain would have  
Some converse with thee.

*Ped.* I must seek the envoy.

*Vas.* Let not that hinder, I will hie and see  
If he be ready to set out ; and faith,  
Had I the ordering of his morning's meal,  
I'd feed the dog with hog's flesh.

*Ped.* Feed him with what you will, but bring him hither  
As quickly as it may be, noble Vasquez.

*Vas.* I am not noble, wherefore call me so ?  
My father kept the sheep he did not own.

*Car.* So mak'st thou him a sheep-stealer——

*Vas.* Thou liest !

*Car.* What ?

*Ped.* Nay, nay, you know him, surely ;  
Why, he has general liberty of speech  
From all, e'en Guzman's self. Remember also  
You gave the first blow, though a jesting one.

*Vas.* And pray, Sir Peacemaker, why call me noble ?  
I value not a straw your noble blood.  
Hold up thy hand by mine, canst see it flowing ?  
A fig then for your pure Castilian,  
My Arab hack shows his and shames nobility.

*Ped.* Well, well, good Vasquez, then——

*Vas.* I am not good,  
Your father's good, it is his dearest title ;  
Even his foes bestow the name upon him.  
I've followed him for well-nigh forty years ;  
Spain holds not such another. Fare-ye-well,  
I go to send the Moor.

*Car.* Farewell, brave Vasquez.

*Vas.* I am not very sure that I am brave ;  
My head would quickly turn to 'scape an arrow ;  
Or, seeing steel flash light across my eyes,  
Might I not wink them ?

*Ped.* Winked you then, Vasquez, when you got that  
scar ?

It is a shrewd one, though 'tis wearing out.

*Vas.* Nay, is it ?—I would wear it to my grave !  
Young man, young man, the day I got that scar,  
Your noble father—noble, brave, and good—  
In years a youth, a veteran in deeds,  
Led our Castilian chivalry in war.  
We were o'er-matched so far as numbers went,  
But numbers were not thought of—  
Our soldiers fought as each owned twenty lives,  
And well the Paynims battled ; not a step  
Of our advance but cost a hundred lives,  
While ever and anon our Guzman's voice  
Pealed like a clarion mid the bloody ranks.  
When the foe amazed, beheld his prowess,  
Crowding around, they sought to bear him down.

Faint with many a wound, fatigued, sore pressed,  
Your father then had fallen—had not I——

*Ped.* Why do you pause? On, Vasquez, with the story.

*Vas.* Nay, let some other tongue conclude the tale :  
You'll laugh at the old man behind his back,  
And call him braggart ; nay, nay, do not mind—  
It warms me when I think upon that day,  
And I do feel some pride then of this scar.  
I will go fetch this specious smooth-tongued Moor.  
[*To CAR.*] You've wished me gone this half-hour, I could  
see. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* As rough as winter in his speech ; in heart  
As warm as gentle May—had never man  
A truer follower than rude old Vasquez.  
But now, Carrares, time and place both serving,  
Tell me, in what do you desire my counsel ?

*Car.* You blamed me yesternight, because I led  
So far within the Moorish lines I scarce  
Could win my way back ; but the cause you knew not.

*Ped.* I thought you mad, as other lovers are.

*Car.* Love is indeed my madness, and must be so :  
Nor do I think you free from that distemper.  
When, Pedro, last I wooed your lovely cousin,  
She scoffed at me that I should speak of love  
In times like these, and bade me not approach her,  
Until I brought with me the Moorish ensign,  
That waves above the tent of Aben Jacob.

*Ped.* A mad girl is she, and more mad were you



To strive to please her fancies ; why, the tent  
Is so entrenched within the Moorish lines  
It were impossible to reach the spot.

*Car.* I know it well, and own that I did wrong  
Risking my soldiers' lives in the attempt.  
But now, my wit—that never yet did serve me  
At the moment that I needed it ; but left me,  
As in her presence, when I would have spoken  
A thousand things most eloquent to move her,  
And, in the stead, could only stand and gaze  
With scarce the brains to stammer even—now  
My wit has hit upon a scheme, which may,  
With your help, aid my suit.

*Ped.* You know me for a friend ; command my service.

*Car.* You oft have said—and my fond heart believes it—  
That in despite of all her coy disdain,  
Her pride, and scoffs, and mocks, sweet Inez loves me.

*Ped.* I surely think it.

*Car.* If it be so then,  
It cannot be but it would wake remorse,  
If, in the attempt to gain the banner, I  
Had fallen beneath the swarming Moslemah.  
She has not seen me since the last night's sally,  
Nor heard of my return.

*Ped.* I like your purpose.  
Within an hour contrive to hide yourself.  
The place—I have it—in the Eastern chamber ;  
One of the niches will give good concealment,

And I will bring her thither ; when her pride  
Is melted in her pity, come you forth,  
And Cupid speed the wooing.

*Car.*

Thanks, my friend.

An hour hence ; indeed, indeed, I thank you.  
Here comes the Moorish envoy ; fare-you-well.

[*Exit* CARRARES.]

*Enter* JUAN and VASQUEZ.

*Vas.* There is your charge, and if I had your office,  
I should be glad to do it, and be quit of it.

[*Exit* VASQUEZ.]

*Ped.* I pray you, sir, in courtesy inform me,  
If in these wars the lovely Lady Zora  
Follows her brother.

*Ju.*

Wherefore do you ask ?

Know you the lady ?

*Ped.*

Ere these wars began,  
The King of Fez, her father, was with mine  
Most closely leagued in bonds of amity ;  
And in our childhood, and our early youth  
(Her brother, now the king, being often absent)  
I was her chief companion, in some sort  
Filling a brother's place.

*Ju.*

'Tis very like.

*Ped.* You have not yet said if within your camp  
Her beauty sheds its lustre.

*Ju.*

There it shines :

Her beauty in our rugged camp doth show

Like a young dove blazed on an iron shield.  
Nay, start not at my language, noble sir,  
Herald of love as well as war I came.  
I know, though you would hide it, well I know,  
How gladly you would cherish that sweet dove  
Within your fostering bosom. One word more :  
Had it to choose a place to build its nest,  
As I do live, I think 'twould choose no other.

[*Giving him a letter.*]

*Ped.* It is her own—it is her own dear hand,  
How shall I thank you ? Gold, or richest gems——

*Ju.* I am not covetous. What, you a lover ?  
You have not broke the seal yet : [*aside*] can it be  
That he suspects ? Oh no, he is but rapt.

*Ped.* Yes, it is so : her hand hath traced these lines :  
My wealth's so great that, miser-like, I could  
Enjoy it by only gazing on it ! Every flitting moment  
Doth rob me of an age of happiness,  
Yet never felt I fuller joy than this.

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] He is easily pleased—it is the way with  
boys

*Ped.* [*Reads.*] "*If years have not taught thee to forget the  
friend of thy young days, or these cruel wars set thy  
heart against her who must ever sisterly love thee,  
thou wilt not fear to adventure this night through  
the Moorish lines to the tent of Zora. The bearer  
of this will direct thee.*"

*Ped.* Forget thee ! dare adventure ! I would go,

Though at the very moment that I saw thee

Death struck me down ; oh ! I could die most happy.

*Ju. [Aside.]* It may be so ; who knows ? Oh well-limed  
twig !

*Ped.* I pray thee, tell me how, and when, and where——

*Ju.* I know what you would ask, but now too long

Have we discoursed together : as we go

I will instruct you how to shape your course.

Trust me that you shall meet your most dear mistress,

And that right soon. Come, come away, brave Pedro.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Fortress. INEZ and*

ATTENDANT.

*In.* Hush, hush ! speak low, within that niche he lies——

The other parent of this most sage plot

Will soon be here. Look you from out the window,

See if my politic cousin this way come.

*Att. [Looking from the window.]* He has returned from  
leading hence the Moor,

And crosses now the court. Pray look you, madam.

*In. [Goes to the window also.]* I see him now : oh do but  
look at him !

Twisting and pulling every several feature

Into most proper and becoming sorrow ;

We shall have rare sport. I am glad, my girl,  
Your lover played the eavesdropper, and told  
Of this same dainty plot ; give him three kisses,  
He well deserves them, and we should be just.  
The play begins—I must not laugh outright,  
Lest they suspect us.

*Enter PEDRO.*

Why, how now, fair coz ;  
What is the matter that you look so sad ?  
Your face for all the world shows like a gravestone.

*Ped.* Is my face full of grief ? Would yours were so !

*In.* Oh ! I'll look sad, an you'll say something pretty  
'Bout clouds and sunshine, roses, dew, and such like ;  
And yet I think your verse would be so bad  
It would not mend the face that I should mar.  
And so, no more of peevish melancholy ;  
It is not suiting to my style of beauty,  
And I will none of it. Now, Pedro, tell me,  
Do not the smiles I now put on become me  
Fifty times more than sourness such as yours ?  
It sets my teeth on edge to look upon you.

*Car.* [*From the niche.*] Think you she heard it ?

*Ped.* Hush ! I know she has.  
[*Aloud.*] Smiles hang like jewels upon beauty cousin,  
Yet jewels are not at all seasons worn ;  
And tears are lovely coming from the heart :  
You cannot know—surely you have not heard—

Or you could scarce display such levity,  
That brave Carrares, in the evening sally,  
Fell in the field.

*In.* I am very sorry for him ;  
Alas ! poor youth ! what shall I do for mourning ?  
Oh ! it is grievous ! Isabel, my girl,  
I haven't got a yard of cyprus left.  
Plague take this tedious siege !

*Ped.* Heavens ! can it be ?—Is this a woman's sorrow ?  
Or have you heard, or do you understand me ?  
Know you that he you speak of was my friend ?  
Do you not know he truly, fondly, loved you ;  
That your light words to him were holy precepts,  
And that this love so true, so fond, and faithful,  
Bestowed unworthily, hath cost his life ?

*In.* Upon my little honour, this is strange !  
There is no pleasing you—why are you angry ?  
I am too well-bred to weep, but indeed, Pedro,  
I am very sorry I have lost a lover.

*Car.* [*From the niche.*] She has no more of feeling than  
her glove.

*Ped.* But now in scorn you called my face a grave-  
stone ;  
If it be so, look on it, and read there  
How well I loved and valued him ; peruse,  
In the sad lines there traced, his epitaph.

*In.* Nay, I was never fond of epitaphs,  
They are so full of false expression, cousin.

*Maid.* Madam, I think, although we have no cyprus,  
There's crape enough ; 'twill make a goodly dress.

*In.* Well, set to work, my girl :—of that new pattern,  
Full in the skirt and gathered at the waist :

'Tis fit we showed respect.

*Ped.* Show common feeling.

*Car.* [*From the niche.*] I do believe she's glad to have  
me dead ;

So she may go in mourning for me. Oh,  
I would I were away ; plague take these schemes !

*Ped.* Yet, for one moment hear me, heartless thing.  
Wilt shed no tear for one who dearly loved thee ?  
Valiant and just, yet kind and merciful ;  
In fight a lion.

*In.* Cousin, I must say,  
When near to me, he looked more like the beast  
That wore the lion's skin. Dost know its name ?  
And yet, I doubt not of his bravery,  
For on my life I have seen him beat his page——

*Car.* [*Advancing.*] I think I could beat thee.

*In.* Help ! murder ! help !  
Ghosts have no business to be walking thus  
To frighten honest people : don't come near me !  
Oh what a churchyard smell ! some holy water !

*Maid.* Help, help ! some holy water ! help ! help ! help !

*Ped.* Hush your fool's tongue ; 'tis nothing but a trick.

*In.* Ay, but you know you told me he was dead :  
Is he resuscitate ? He looks alive.

*Ped.* We only feigned.

*In.* Oh, did you so, indeed ?  
Best lay your next plot better, gentlemen.

[*INEZ and MAID laugh heartily.*]

*Car.* You think now, I'll be sworn, this angers me.

*In.* Oh, surely no ; you look not angry, sir ;  
There is no anger in that quivering lip ;  
The restless step bespeaks an easy mind ;  
Your cheek is flushed, but 'tis with mirth no doubt ;  
[*CARRARES laughs affectedly.*]

That was a hearty laugh too, and a loud one :

Angry men do not laugh, you are not angry.

*Car.* Ay, ay, go on ;—make yourself merry, madam.

*In.* I should be so in merry company ;  
And my sweet cousin, who is wearing now  
Upon his hazy countenance a strange,  
An undefinable, an odd expression,  
A something 'twixt a smile and grin, he too  
No doubt is very merry.

*Ped.* Come away.

We shall meet nothing here but jeers and laughter.

*Car.* By heaven I will not budge ; I'll stay to show  
I care not for thy scorn—no, not a whit.  
Of all the devils ever did torment  
The race of man, since Adam wedded Eve,  
Thou art the worst. Think not I care for thee.

*In.* Of all the toys that ever women had  
To make her merry with, since mother Eve



Did plague old Adam, as no doubt she did,  
I hold thee for the best : I truly love thee,  
Thou serv'st so very well to make me sport.

*Car.* By heaven I'll beat thee.

*In.* Do : best draw thy sword,  
And I will stand, and with my needle armed,  
Thus will I do thee battle. Canst thou frown ?  
Why, I can do so too :—look now upon me,  
Or say thou couldst outfrown me. Canst thou hope  
To stand one moment 'gainst a look like this ?

*Car.* Enchanting torment !

*In.* Nay, sir, pray stand off ;  
I fear such close encounters : fare-thee-well.  
Best rub your wits together, gentlemen,  
An hour or so each morning, and that way  
They may be bright perhaps when you are gray.

*Ped.* Carrares !

*Car.* Pedro !

*Ped.* Oh these subtle wenches !  
Their wits are sharp as needles.

*Car.* And they use them  
On us poor men as we were their embroidery—  
Working what shapes they will.

## ACT II.

*ZORA's Tent. ZORA alone.*

*Zora.* 'Tis strange he comes not: can the guard have  
stopped him?

I will not think that evil hath befallen;  
My brother's care would have insured his safety,  
Although no angel from the starry courts  
Hung watchful over. Hush! I hear a step—  
'Tis but the dull pace of the sentinel:  
My spirits are too wild: how my heart beats;  
It is not thus that I should meet with him:  
I will look out upon the quiet stars,  
Those gentle silent wonders of the night.  
How solemnly and calmly they look down  
Upon this world of sin and strife and sorrow!  
Let me collect my thoughts, and not forget,  
In my own selfish happiness, the cause  
Entrusted to me by my brother, nor  
That maidenly respect now bids me show  
A more reserved deportment than of yore.  
Again I hear a step—'tis he, 'tis he!

*Enter PEDRO.*

[*ZORA flings herself into his arms; then suddenly  
disengaging herself.*]

I had forgot; we are not children now.

*Ped.* Nay, do not check thy gentle impulses;

My heart is childlike in its purity,  
And true as truth itself, thou needst not fear me.  
Beauty and virtue, joined together, shed  
A holy atmosphere of goodness round them :  
When I approach thy presence, sweet, I feel  
As I were entering some hallowed temple  
Wherein one wrongful thought were sacrilege.

*Zo.* I cannot doubt it ; do not think I can :  
Wrong not thine own heart's sister's love so much,  
As to believe she thinks thou canst forget  
The frank affection of our bygone days.  
Their memory comes stealing over me,  
Like the rich fragrance of that orange grove  
Where hand-linked, heart-linked, oft we used to wander.

*Ped.* Oh Zora, prithee do not check thy speech !  
I live again those days in these sweet moments ;  
Feel in all purity and tenfold strength  
The working of the mighty power of love,  
Which God ordained should join our hearts together :  
Nay, tremble not ; 'tis with no childish passion  
That now I speak, but with all solemnness  
I tell thee that my heart——

*Zo.* I may not hear thee ;  
My tongue, I fear, has prattled much too wildly,  
Encouraging thy boldness. Pedro, think  
How long we've wasted now in idle talk.  
Those sisters sweet, the pretty Pleiades,  
Had not arisen when I watched for thee,

And see now where they are. I looked for them ;  
You used to love them so.

*Ped.* Nay, say not wasted ;  
It wants two hours ere the day shall break,  
And force me hence, ah ! how reluctantly !

*Zo.* Oh what a dream thy words have waked me from !  
I sent for thee, my Pedro, that thou might'st  
Essay to stop these cruel wars. Thy father  
Would do so, sure, on honourable terms,  
My sterner brother, though——

*Ped.* Thy brother, Zora ?

*Zo.* Why dost thou start at mention of his name ?

*Ped.* And knows thy brother, then, that I am here ?

*Zo.* Surely ; himself proposed that thou should'st come.

*Ped.* Lost, lost, betrayed !

*Zo.* Alas ! what do you mean ?  
Where learned you this suspicion ? you do wrong him ;  
Austere he has been called, but treacherous, never.

*Ped.* Oh ! thy heart is guileless ;  
I am the victim. Here then let me die,  
Even before this altar of my worship.

*[Throwing himself at her feet.]*

*Enter JUAN.*

*Ju.* Pardon, fond pair, if I disturb these raptures.

*Ped.* Lady, behold !

*Zo.* No, no, it cannot be.  
What means this insolent intrusion, sir ?

How have you dared at this still hour of night  
To break in thus upon my privacy ?

*Ju.* I grieve if I have marred the sweet enjoyment  
Of which I was so late the pleased spectator ;  
The time was opportune, the lady kind,  
And doubtless——

*Ped.* Villain ! rein your slanderous tongue,  
Or I will tear it out, and even now,  
Although your murderers be backing you—  
As sure I think you dared not come alone—  
Something I'll do, although my body be  
Pierced like a target, grisly all with wounds. [*Draws*

*Ju.* [*Stamps with his foot, SOLDIERS enter.*]  
Boy with small beard, less wit, you are a prisoner :  
Look to him, soldiers ; if he stir a foot,  
Hilt deep. You understand me ?

*Ped.* Coward !

*Ju.* Lover !

*Zo.* Beware of what you do ; yon gentleman  
Wears on his finger, guards, your master's signet ;  
Who shall control its power ?

*Ju.* Himself, I take it,  
When himself is here, as presently he will be,  
And until then, I, acting by his orders.

*Zo.* Alas ! alas ! no, no ; it cannot be ;  
Sure human hearts are made of better stuff ;  
But, that my brother—I will not believe it—  
And yet for once do answer honestly,

Plainly and quickly, ay, and truly too.

My brother, knows he of this treachery ?

*Ju.* Plainly and speedily, and honestly,  
I answer, Yes !

*Zo.* 'Tis false !

*Ju.* Behold him, lady !

*Enter ABEN JACOB.*

*Zo.* Oh brother, brother ! in good time thou'rt come ;  
Thou hast been foully slandered ; say thou art not  
The perjured wretch, the abject heartless thing,  
That this apostate Christian doth proclaim thee.

*Ab.* What means my sister by these frantic words ?

*Zo.* You knew of yonder Christian's coming hither :  
'Twas you yourself urged me to write that letter.  
Betray him not then ; set him free at once.

*Ju.* Lady, there were small policy in that.

*Zo.* What's policy ? another name for falsehood !  
Then when men's actions are so base and vile,  
They are ashamed to look them in the face,  
They give their villany a specious name,  
With a poor mask to hide its foul complexion.

*Ab.* Listen, sister :

The course I tread in was appointed me  
Before those rolling stars did know their path,  
Or ere upon this spot in space our earth,  
The Eternal eye looked down and flashed forth light.  
My way of life hath ever marked me out

As one by supernatural power raised  
To do His will, who sent our Prophet forth,  
And bade him not to spare : I may not swerve.  
A nobler field than e'er ambition dreamed of  
Is open now before me : this fair country,  
This fertile Spain, this long contended Spain,  
Lies like a Houri wooing my embraces.  
The glory of the glory of our race,  
The great Abdelzamin, our ancestor,  
Shall pale before my own : the mighty victor  
Of this so glorious prize.  
Only this paltry castle bars my way ;  
Too long our army hath lain here ; our foes  
Still gathering strength ; this youth assures the place ;  
He dies unless the fortress be surrendered.

*Ped.* And ends your boasted policy in this ?  
Think you that Guzman won his glorious name  
So lightly that the ties, however strong,  
That bind his kindred to him, have the power  
To sway him from the path of truth and honour ?  
Or do you think his son so basely taught,  
Bearing so low a spirit as to endure  
To buy his life at such unworthy price ?

*Ju.* We'll try your constancy, young sir, however.

*Zo.* From the same father had we both our being ;  
One mother bore us, one breast nourished us ;  
I clasp thee, brother, and in clasping thee  
I feel the blood run warmly through thy veins,  
As if of mine it were the selfsame current.

Make not a shipwreck of a poor maid's peace ;  
Make not a sister's love and trustfulness  
The arms to stab her ! Brother, do not so :  
Could I doubt thee ?

*Ped.*                                      Lady, spend not thy breath,  
Thy precious breath, to beg so poor a thing  
As my poor life : I can die happy now ;  
Possessed of that which above life I prize,  
Thy love and pity ; for these wretched men,  
'Tis better far to trust and be deceived,  
Than bear so bad a mind, as think the evil  
That they fear not to do : an honest breast  
Is sure too fair a palace for suspicion  
To hide his trembling head in.

*Ju.*    Right brave speeches.

*Ab.* Away with him, no more of this.

*Zo.*    Thou may'st  
Or silence him or me ; but dost thou think  
The thunder will be silent o'er thy head ?  
Would'st make thyself a hate, a curse, a fear ?  
Have mercy upon him, on me, thyself ;  
Our race renowned is known by many titles,  
Wilt have men add to Aben Jacob's name  
Traitor and murderer ?

*Ab.*    Away, away !  
Thou art much too bold in this, and show but little  
Of that good pride to plead with such wild passion.

*Zo.* There is a something better now than pride  
That prompts my speech, and I will not restrain it.



Bashfulness now were nought but cruelty,  
 And coldness treason. Pedro, even now  
 When thou did'st speak of love, I checked thy speech,  
 Although it charmed my ear like some rich music.  
 But these last flitting moments  
 Have turned mine eyes into mine inmost self :  
 In that, till now, clasped volume, I espy  
 Gloriously blazoned, as by angel hands,  
 Only thine image.  
 Wert thou now fortune's darling, and didst come  
 In state magnificent to woo my favour,  
 I might assume a coldness, and belie  
 My own fond loving heart ;—but shame it were,  
 Now thou art steeped in grief, a mark for sorrow,  
 Treated outrageously by treacherous men,  
 Doomed to captivity, perhaps to death ;  
 Shame were it, I, whose fond simplicity  
 Has lured thee to this ruin, shrank away  
 For fear of foul-tongued slander :—be it not so.  
 Here, without blush—for wherefore should I blush—  
 I tell thee that I love thee ! that I love thee ! [Kneels.  
 With all a young heart's fond idolatry,  
 With all a true heart's deep solemnity,  
 With all a faithful woman's constancy  
 I love and plight my troth.

*Ab.*

Shame of thy race !

[PEDRO attempts to press towards her—is withheld  
 by the SOLDIERS. *Curtain falls.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Moorish Camp.* JUAN alone.

*Ju.* It goes on well ! by all my hopes it does !  
Though the jade Fortune played me such a trick,  
Sending me as by chance into this world,  
Where fools, possessed of scarcely brains enough  
To blow their broth when too hot for their palates—  
Where fools like these, I say, look down upon me,  
Nature has made amends by faculties  
Which fit me well to jostle through this world,  
Elbowing, and trampling down these fancied betters.  
This proud Moriscan king is but my plaything ;  
This being, set apart by destiny.  
Oh ! there are men will bend which way you will,  
Can you but learn their cabalistic words :  
Say you but Mahomet with a solemn face,  
And he is yours : now will he feel no scruple  
To take the life, if I but work him on,  
Of this same youth I snared so cunningly,  
Although his sister's heart break for her lover :  
But that is talk :—I mean to comfort her :  
This Pedro's life shall buy this long-held fortress,  
And this most passionate girl, too, for myself :  
Then, Juan, wedded to the Monarch's sister,

What shall hold back thine arm from grasping more ?  
But hush ! here comes the Moor : my solemn port now.

*Enter ABEN JACOB.*

I trust your Majesty had pleasant dreams ;  
So well were we employed yesterday.  
Surely the night, or rather morn, gave rest.

*Ab.* I have not slept since yesternight we parted.  
Think not that I will swerve from my fixed course ;  
Spain shall be mine.

*Ju.* Then must this fortress be.

*Ab.* Would we could win it by some other means,  
For, although Zora hath so far forgot  
Herself and honour as to love this Christian,  
I am sorry yet to use her in this sort.

*Ju.* King, in this thou dost but show more glorious ;  
By kindly feeling tempted to forget  
All thou dost owe the Moorish power and faith,  
Yet holding firmly to thy stedfast purpose :  
Best is our faith displayed, when we o'erleap  
All opposition, rend away all ties,  
To do its high behests ; let no bar stop  
Our onward progress to establish it :  
Oh ! strong and fortunate thy course shall be,  
On, noble king, fulfil thy destiny !

*Ab.* Thou hast awaken'd me from that dull sleep  
In which I was subsiding, and I thank thee,  
Zora shall pay thee ; yonder Christian youth

Shall not shake off his bonds until this fortress  
Is mine and Zora yours. But now, my Juan,  
Darest thou again, unto the Christian dogs  
Go as our envoy, and demand surrender  
Ere two suns shall have set, or else make known  
The alternative they choose ?

*Ju.*

Ay, gladly, Sire.

I long to pay this Guzman, and will make  
My preparation instantly.

*Ab.*

Success

Attend upon thy footsteps : it is written !  
Our ends are such that supernatural power  
Shall help them on.

[*Exit.*

*Ju.*

Humph ! I hope better aid,  
Or trust not much to that. Tush, here's a plague.

*Enter PHILIPPA.*

Well, mistress, what want you ?

*Phil.*

You did not use

To ask so rudely wherefore Philippa  
Approached him who once swore her only footstep  
Did own a music.

*Ju.*

May be so, but yet

We live in changing times ; the dress you wear  
To-day, within a week, or say a month,  
You cast aside, its lustre having faded.

*Phil.* Oh Juan, Juan ! these are bitter words !  
Is my eye dim ? age hath not quenched its fire ;

Is my cheek pale? by tears it hath been blanched;  
Sorrow it is, not time, hath graved the wrinkles,  
If there be any, on this once bland brow.

*Ju.* Have you no other subject to discourse on?  
Or do you purpose entertain the time  
With the old story of my cruelty?  
Let's see, where left you off?

*Phil.* Where left I off? and where did I begin?  
What was I? and what am I? horror! horror!  
Where is my father with his reverend head?  
Where is my noble, gallant, handsome brother?

*Ju.* Torment not thus me and yourself in vain.

*Phil.* In vain? ay, 'tis in vain! Tears are in vain;  
Words will not call them back. Him who, to shield  
His wretched sister's name from infamy,  
Poured forth his generous blood.

*Ju.* No more—no more.

*Phil.* Juan, that blood is red upon my soul!

*Ju.* Nay, say not so.

*Phil.* It is, Juan! it is.

I did not shed it, but 'twas shed for me.  
My father, too, the doting kind old man;  
I was the very apple of his eye,  
His heart's best drop of blood;  
And what did this loved daughter?  
Her impious hand plucked out those silver hairs,  
And placed shame's burning crown upon his head.

*Ju.* This is but madness.

*Phil.*

Oh, I would it were !

The old man looked around his father's hall,  
And found himself alone, quite, quite alone.  
No smiling darling nestled by his side,  
Only his cold-eyed menials waited round him,  
While ev'ry kinsman blushed who bore his name,  
Struck to the heart——

*Ju.*

I'll listen to no more.

Why, all this misery sprang from those fine feelings  
Of fancied honour, you admire so much.  
This cheat that grown-up babies fall in love with,  
And nurses preach about, men only laugh at.  
But were this honour, or this virtue, or  
Whatever name you choose to call it by,  
Of all the worthiness that, lost, you think it,  
Why do you ring its knell still in my ears ?  
You've told us how you fell from Paradise,  
And cursed the devil that did lure you thence,  
But have forgotten what a ready ear  
You lent to his temptations.

*Phil.*

'Tis too true.

*Ju.* Nor have you said there was that in your carriage,  
Which woke injurious thoughts ; nor how your virtues  
Were choked by weeds of pride and vanity,  
From whose rank blossoms comes the bitter fruit  
You make so many mouths at. You, forsooth,  
Were easily taken by a royal lover,  
And one whose song was ever of her praises,

To an untired hearer. Why blame me  
For bringing on you that dishonour, then,  
Which you did never shun ?

*Phil.* Yes, yes, all's true, though by thee harshly  
urged.

*Ju.* Why, then, reproach me ?

*Phil.* I have much to bear ;

Canst thou not bear a little ? All is lost me :  
Country and kindred, faith, and name and fame ;  
What have I left to live for but thy love ?  
And that thou tak'st away.

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] Would I were quit of her.  
[*To her.*] I must be plain. I do not love thee now ;  
'Tis better that we part.

*Phil.* Part ! not till death !

*Ju.* Ay, lovers say so in old story books.  
As a reward for all my services,  
The Moorish King has promised me his sister ;  
So I have got a wife, and must be married.

*Phil.* May death fires light her hymeneal torches  
Who shall dare wed with thee ! Who takes that hand,  
A thousand and a thousand times pledged mine,  
Takes one so deeply dyed in perjury,  
An Ethiop's were as snow to it. Look to it—  
Thou may'st repent this ; thou art mine—sworn mine.  
I've done with weeping ; rage within my eyes  
Hath lit his fires, and dried up all my tears.  
I know not now whether I love thee most,

Or hate thee most ; but the two passions meeting  
Wake such a tempest here that I—I—— [Exit.

*Ju.* What wilt thou do ? Go hence, I do well hope,  
And so no more encumber my designs.  
One may as well be married, if such ties  
As these must bind for ever. Should she go  
And gain admittance in some nunnery,  
Who says I've done her wrong ? Her fasts would be  
So strict, so numerous her austerities,  
She would be Lady Abbess presently.  
Now for the fortress. My convenient cloak !  
[Disguising himself.  
Blest be the man who first invented cloaks. [Exit.

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SCENE II.—ZORA'S Tent. ZORA alone.

*Enter PHILIPPA.*

*Phil.* Thou wonderest perhaps to see me here.

*Zo.* I should not answer truly, saying nay.

*Phil.* Dost anything but wonder ?

*Zo.* An thou mean

By thy strange speech, which I may e'en call rude,  
To express thou dost expect uncivil treatment,  
Thou wrong'st me much ; a woman like myself,  
Thou hast some claims upon me ; they are doubled



As thou'rt a stranger : will it please thee sit ?

*Phil.* Thou'rt very kind. Oh ! excellent smooth tongue !  
Doubtless thou hast some reason for this mildness ;  
Would'st make of me an humble friend or servant ?

*Zo.* I never courted thee, nor do I now.

*Phil.* Oh no ; thy courtship was for other uses.  
Will't please your highness to remove that veil ?

[*ZORA unveils.*

*Zo.* She is distracted surely. Why dost gaze  
Upon my face with so much earnestness ?

*Phil.* I cannot see so much of beauty in it :  
'Tis said, I know, that women cannot judge,  
And yet I think my mirror gives me back  
Features as well proportioned. Would he thought so !

*Zo.* Lady, you sigh ; can I relieve your sorrow ?

*Phil.* Out, hypocrite : wouldst fool me with soft  
speeches ?

Canst look me in the face, nor blush to think  
The wrong, the deep irreparable wrong  
That thou wouldst put upon me ? If thou hadst  
Pleaded with passionate earnestness thy love,  
I, who do know the tempter, might have pardoned ;  
But I have now no drop of pity left :  
In mine own hand I bear the instrument  
That shall redress my wrongs and punish thee.

[*Shows a dagger.*

*Zo.* Help ! murder ! help !

*Phil.* There's no one within call ;

Be sure of that ; hush ! or thou shalt not live  
Another moment : ha ! dost tremble now ?  
Pray ! if thou dare to lift that guilty hand  
That thou wouldst make accomplice, nay, the actor  
In the most foul and wicked breach of faith  
That man e'er offered woman.

*Zo.*

This is madness !

Who says this hand is aught but innocent ?  
Who dares to do such slander to its whiteness,  
Or say it ever broke its faith, once clasped,  
Or clasped with falsehood ?

*Phil.*

Dost not fear me, girl,

That thou dost speak so boldly ?

*Zo.*

I speak truth,

And, never having done or thought thee wrong,  
Why should I fear thee ? Doth not even now  
The power of my innocence pluck back  
The arm upraised against me ?

*Phil.*

Do not trust

Too much to that, I warn thee, do thou not ;  
Lest I should show thee guilty, doing so,  
Break down the rotten prop on which thou leanest.  
I give thee now the time, and answer truly :  
Hast thou not stolen from me that is mine,  
And that which I have paid so deep a price for ?  
Hast thou not given most impiously consent  
To wed with him who must be mine, mine only,  
My plighted husband, Juan of Castile ?

Zo. In one word—no.

*Phil.*

Say it again, oh ! do.

Zo. I have not, and I will not.

*Phil.*

Speak the truth !

If thou dost, to deceive me, answer thus,

I'll catch thee though I hunt thee through the world.

Swear it.

Zo.

I do not use my word so lightly,

That it should need an oath to make it pass.

'Tis true that Juan, at my brother's instance,

My love hath oft demanded, but in vain.

*Phil.* And wilt thou hold to this ?

Zo.

I've said already,

Were my heart free, Don Juan could not claim it :

Surely the misery that he hath wrought

Within these few hours, cannot make it change.

*Phil.* Thou lovest then another ? Thou art silent.

I do remember now a tale I heard

Of a young Spaniard, Pedro, Guzman's son,

Being taken in thy tent : dost fear to trust me ?

Thou needest not. I am unhappy, lost,

But not perfidious.

Zo.

Pardon, madam, I——

[ *Weeping.*

*Phil.* Ay, weep, weep, weep ! thy tears are innocent !

The dew upon young flowers

Falls not so naturally, as upon love's blossoms,

The heart's dew, tears : oh ! bright and pure are thine,

Not scalding where they trickle. Listen, Zora.

Thou hast not energy to cope with difficulties ;  
Suffering has made me bold, and ready-witted ;  
Do not mistrust me ; be but ruled by me,  
And I will find a way to break this marriage,  
And free thy lover. In, now, and compose thyself.  
I will return ere long, and with good tidings. [Exit.

Zo. Her love was virtuous once ; a glad soft feeling,  
Making her heart bound with an innocent joy ;  
And now how stained and fallen !  
I would not hear her name my Pedro's name,  
It sounds like profanation ; yet alas !  
Who in this world is left to help me now ?  
Oh brother ! brother ! [Exit to inner Tent.

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SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Fortress. The LADY  
CORONELA and INEZ.*

In. And whilst thou speak'st of him, behold he comes.

*Enter GUZMAN.*

Guz. How dost thou, wife ?

L. Cor.

Well as I can, my lord,

Thyself so much away.

Guz.

My last intelligence

Did give me that the king was gathering fast  
A powerful army to relieve the fortress ;  
So we will hope the glad time soon will come,  
When all this cumbrous panoply thrown by,  
Like some gray elder of the village, I  
May quiet sit, spectator of the game  
Where once I played my part.

*L. Cor.*

Grant Heaven it may !

But wherefore com'st thou thus to visit me ?  
Thou know'st this is our wedding-day, and never  
But it was made a kind of holiday ;  
So sit thee down awhile, and doff these arms.

*Guz.* I cannot hold a curbing rein on others,  
Giving myself the head, and, therefore, wife,  
But for a brief space can I stay with thee.

*In.* Well, we must take thee prisoner, and then  
Thou canst not choose but to obey our orders.  
So sit thee down.

[*Leads him to a seat.*]

*L. Cor.*

Off with this heavy armour.

[*Undoing his armour.*]

Thy wife must be thy squire, failing a better.  
Help me undo it, Inez.

*In.*

These are not

Fit weeds, I trow, for gentle lady's bower.

*Guz.* Indeed you do with me just what you will.

*L. Cor.* These cuisses and these tassels are too heavy ;  
Sure they must gall thee ; do they not, my lord ?

*Guz.* Nay, do not think me older than I am.

*In.* Thy morion now, and then indeed we see thee  
As thou wert wont to look.

*Guz.* Bless thee, my Inez.  
Would this could last ! How happy am I now !  
We only want our Pedro : where is he ?

*L. Cor.* I was about to ask of thee, my lord ;  
This morn I have not seen him.

*In.* It is strange.

*L. Cor.* Pray Heaven no ill hath happened to him.

*Guz.* Nay,  
Duty no doubt delays him, and he soon  
Will bid good morrow and good wishes to thee.  
Inez, I heard some talk of a wild jest  
That thou hadst played my son, and someone else ;  
Thy blushes show I need not name that other.  
Tell me, my Inez, with an open tongue,  
How stands thy heart towards our Pedro's friend—  
The brave Carrares ? On my life he loves thee.

*In.* I love him very well to laugh at him.

*Guz.* But dost thou love him, girl, to marry him ?

*L. Cor.* An I mistake not, thou dost love him better  
Than even thyself confesses to thyself.

*Guz.* These ensigns I see fluttering on thy cheek,  
So changing red and white, are Cupid's banners :  
And seem to say, the fortress they wave over,  
Though proudly garrisoned, with Love may stoop  
One day to hold a parley. Do not thou  
To thy wild spirits give too free a rein.

Carrares is a noble gentleman,  
And loves thee well ; and such a love as his,  
Does honour to the woman of his choice.  
She doth not know the value of a heart—  
An honest, manly, kind, and loving heart—  
Who'd lightly play with such a precious jewel.  
Thou wouldst inhale the brier's passing sweetness,  
But yet would fear to wear it in thy bosom :  
Be brier-like, sweet ; but be not brier-like, wounding.  
Come, kiss me, girl, again, and look not sad ;  
This, by love's calendar you know must be  
A happy day, let no cloud shadow it.

*Enter a SOLDIER.*

*Sol.* My lord, the nobles are in council met,  
And they do crave thy presence. From the Moors  
The envoy comes again demanding audience.

*Guz.* Presently we come.

*[Exit SOLDIER.*

*L. Cor.* In seeking thee, these Moors  
Have snatched away our little hour of sunshine.

*In.* We will with thee, since thou'lt not stay with us.

*Guz.* Then you must promise not to tell our secrets.

*[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Council Chamber. CARRARES, VASQUEZ, and NOBLES assembled. JUAN. Seat left vacant for GUZMAN.*

*[As GUZMAN enters, JUAN speaks.*

*Ju.* Guzman, once more I come, not now to sue.

*[GUZMAN passes to his seat without heeding him.*

*[Chairs placed for the LADIES.*

*Vas.* Know you no better manners, infidel ?

Wait till the Duke be seated.

*Guz.* I do not see our son here ; bid him hither.

*[Exit ATTENDANT.*

*[To JUAN.]* Proceed, we listen.

*Ju.*

Oh sir ! do you so ?

We meet on changed terms since last we met :

Hast scorn for him now, who hath power to bring thee

On bended knee before him ?

*Vas.*

Oh ! he's mad :

What else can make this yester fawning dog

To-day to bark so loudly ?

*Guz.*

Have a care :

Patience hath yet some bounds ; what can have happened

That I should parley in another tone ; or what can hap

That I should let thy insolence unpunished ?

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Att.* My lord, throughout the fortress I have sought  
To find your son, and vainly ; but I learn



That late last night he passed the portal gate,  
And has not since returned.

*Ju.* Now do you guess it?

*L. Cor.* My son ! my son !

*Guz.* Hush ! my best treasure, hush !

*In.* Pray, pray, be calm !

*Car.* My lord, prepare thy patience for a sorrow  
So great, I scarcely can compel my tongue  
To wound thine ear with telling it.

*L. Cor.* Speak, speak.

*Guz.* Out with it, man ; keep not my soul thus racked.

*Car.* My lord, thou knowest Pedro and myself  
Were bosom friends, and in that confidence  
That waits on friendship, yesterday he showed me  
A billet from the Moorish lady Zora,  
By yonder treacherous envoy hither brought,  
Appointing him a secret interview  
Within their camp ; he went——

*Guz.* Oh say no more !

*L. Cor.* Oh ! they have murdered him : my boy, my  
boy !

*Vas.* See how the Duke is moved ;  
His manly breast is heaving like a woman's.  
[*To JUAN.*] Oh, would I had thee now within the field ;  
I'd spoil thy grinning.

*Guz.* Have you murdered him ?

*Ju.* He lives.

*L. Cor.* Thank God for that. Guzman, he lives.

*Ju.* He lives, and may be ransomed.

*L. Cor.* Spare him, spare him.

*Guz.* I've wealth enough to glut thy wildest wishes,  
Although insatiate as the unfathomed sea :  
Take all we have : strip us of everything,  
If only you restore him, and unharmed.

*Ju.* Did I not say that thou shouldst shortly sue  
To him thou late didst scorn ? It is not gold  
Must pay your Pedro's ransom, but this fortress.

*Guz.* Ha !

*L. Cor.* Oh no ! no ! no !  
It cannot be thou art so brutal minded ;  
Surely thou hast some touch of natural pity :  
Thou hast, or hadst a mother. Think on her,  
How she did nurse thee, love thee, fondle thee,  
Set all her heart upon thee, built on thee  
Worlds in the future. Oh my son ! my son ! [*Swoons.*]

*Guz.* Inez ! my child.

[*LADY CORONELA supported out, followed by INEZ.*]

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] I never knew her care : nor heard her name  
But in reproach, or I might not have been  
That which I am, but this proud world that scorned  
I'll now make feel my power.

*Guz.* She for the time has lost all sense of sorrow,  
Why do you gaze upon me ? Sir, go on.  
I have a stubborn heart, can bear the worst,  
So it be quickly told.

*Ju.* Then know it, Guzman.

Within three days see that you yield the keys  
 Which, though of rusty iron, we prefer  
 To all the gold that thou didst lately boast of,  
 Or else go ask the ravens and the vultures  
 To treat with thee for ransom of thy son.

*Vas.* Then here I make reprisals, seizing thee ;

[*Seizes* JUAN.]

Although the lives of fifty heathen hounds  
 Were far too little to weigh down one hair  
 That grew on son of Guzman.

*Ju.*

Loose your hand :

Know you not in what office I come hither ?

*Vas.* It may be then you are the more worth taking.

Attempt to move, and I will strangle you.

[*In their struggle the Envoy's dress falls off and  
 discovers* JUAN.]

Why, it is Juan !

*Car.*

The renegade !

*Vas.*

The bastard !

[*VASQUEZ and others pressing confusedly round* JUAN.]

*All.* Tear him to pieces—kill him !

*Vas.* Let's drag him to the topmost battlement  
 And fling him over.

*All.*

Ay, we will, we will.

*Guz.* [*Starting up.*] Who stirs a foot shall never stir  
 again !

Unhand the envoy ; let him go, I say ;  
 Know you our station and authority,

The ample powers that we are vested with  
O'er life and limb on all within this fortress,  
That thus ye dare to interpose between  
Ourselves and justice ? Let him go, I say ;  
Vasquez, thy services shall not protect thee ;  
Nor thee thy youth, nor thy nobility,  
Nor any one of you one thing on earth,  
Braving me further. So, we are friends again.  
[To JUAN.] Did I not too well know thee, I would ask,  
How thou couldst find it thy heart to use  
A means so devilish to gain thine end :  
But well I know thy ruthless tiger nature.  
Whom didst thou e'er refrain to tread upon  
For thine own profit, lust, or exaltation ?  
In the foul pit of sensuality  
Thy youth was steeped, until stained nature took  
The colour of the filth where thou didst wallow :  
Wert thou not such a man, thou needst must blush  
To owe thy safety to that high-souled honour  
To which thou art thyself an enemy.  
Take thy life.

*Vas.* My lord, my lord, you carry this too far.  
Shall he escape unscathed, by whom inveigled  
Your son shall meet his death ? Hold him as surety ;  
He has broke faith, and therefore can claim none ;  
'Tis folly and nought else, nay, downright madness.

*Guz.* He has come here in trust, relying on  
That which did never fail, Castilian honour,



The forces of the king are not far distant.  
 Could he but know how urgent is our need !  
 I love the boy, too, and could weep for him,  
 But I would strive to do a something better :  
 Come, lean on me ; 'tis I, your faithful Vasquez.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Chamber in the Fortress. Enter INEZ and  
 ATTENDANT severally.*

*At.* How fares my mistress, madam, now ?

*In.* She sleeps.

My good girl, go thou in, and watch beside her.

Hast spoke with Don Carrares ?

*At.* Madam, yes.

And this way see him come.

*In.* Admit, and leave us.

[*ATTENDANT ushers in CARRARES, and Exit.*

I thank you for your prompt attendance, sir,

Though I will own I did not look for less.

Ere more I say I would first crave your pardon

For all the heedless slights and girlish scoffs

That still have paid your unpretending passion.

*Car.* Madam, the grace thou now dost poor Carrares  
 Would make amends for twenty times the wrong  
 Thy gentleness could ever put upon him.

*In.* Pray leave this humble strain, sir, and believe  
 I had not bade thee hither did I not

Hold thee as one most worthy. Sorrow doth  
(And 'tis like death in that) strangely break down  
The barriers of our pride, or I could hardly  
Now claim thy aid.

*Car.* And dare Carrares hope  
He hath the power to do thee service, lady?  
Oh show the way; the path however rugged,  
I'll count as gains its dangers. Why dost weep?

*In.* Dost know and love me and yet ask the cause.  
I am an orphan; was left early one.  
I cannot mind the time I knew my parents,  
Nor yet the time I felt their loss; for was not  
Always their place by other them supplied.  
And what a blow hath fallen now upon them,  
How sorely they are smitten! Tears are useless.  
Save their son!

I heard but now that honest Vasquez said  
Could the King know our strait, he might relieve us.  
I know 'tis nigh impossible to pass  
Through these beleaguering lines with life; and yet  
I say, attempt it, and may God preserve you.

*Car.* Maiden of noble soul, by how much more  
Do I now love thee than I did before.  
Though I'd have sworn he lied, who had averred  
My heart unriven could endure to love  
An atom's atom more. Dear as thou art,  
To show thee with what joy my soul embraces  
The noble danger thou hast set before me,

I now break off this heavenly interview,  
To frame my line of conduct. Ere I go  
May I presume?

[*He kisses her hand and is going, she detains him.*]

*In.* Stay, one word more. Remember, sir, I pray,  
Prudence should wait on valour, not to clog,  
But to direct it; 'tis a dangerous service  
That I have moved thee to. Pray heaven no ill  
May light upon thee; there are those would grieve,  
And deeply too, thy loss. I myself, one.  
Forget not that thy life is very dear.  
Believe it there are those that love thee well.  
I will pray for thee, and thy safe success.  
Alas! alas! God keep you, gentleman.  
Farewell, once more, farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Chamber in the Fortress.* VASQUEZ and NOBLES.

*First N.* Didst reason with him?

*Vas.*

Yes, but 'twas in vain;

Still he continues on the battlements,  
Flying from place to place incessantly.  
No helmet on his head, his white hairs streaming,  
And labouring like the meanest soldier there.



*First N.* His heart, I fear, will break in the fierce struggle.

*Second N.* Carrares has, I trust, escaped discovery ;  
Had he been captured we had heard of it.

*Vas.* I think so, sir, but yet dare hardly hope  
That the King's army can arrive in time  
To stay this dreadful business.

*First N.* 'Tis my fear ;  
We've held the enemy at bay so long  
That the King's forces now are strong enough  
To cope with Aben Jacob in the field :  
The life of such a general as Guzman  
Is worth a score of fortresses.

*Second N.* 'Twere better  
That we should yield it even than hold out  
At such a sacrifice : let's urge him do so :  
Second me, gentlemen, I hear his voice.

*Enter GUZMAN.*

*Vas.* My most dear lord, thou art to blame in this.  
Wherefore so rashly dost expose thyself  
Unarmed upon the battlements, while round thee  
Like hail their arrows fall ?

*Guz.* Ha ! ha ! ha !  
Why I have twenty arrows rankling here,  
With poison on their tips ; and he who feels  
Within his heart the woundings that these give  
May laugh at mortal pain. The mind ! the mind !

*Vas.* Nature cannot endure so fierce a strain.

*Guz.* Canst gauge the depth of nature's sufferance  
And tell how much we can endure yet live ?  
Good friends, if you but knew my agony,  
You would not wonder at my strange behaviour.  
What though I toil until my sinews crack ;  
What's weariness or pain ? I feel them not.

*Vas.* The Moors are slackening now in their assaults.  
Pray, pray, go in and rest.

*Guz.* Rest ! art thou mocking ?  
Why was I chosen for a Stoic's part ?  
I bear no Stoic's mind. So good a son !  
No more of this. Forgive me, gentlemen :  
I am old, and old men still are apt to dote ;  
Were he your son, you might have doted too ;  
You have had children, maybe you have lost them ;  
But we'll not talk of that.

[*Taking up a plan from the table.*

Let's see, what's this ? a plan of the fortress ? Ay.  
Look you here now, I would consult you, sirs,  
Whether 'twere better make a sally here  
Or rather, thus—I mean—would I were dead !

[*Rushes out distractedly.*

*Vas.* My lord ! my lord !

*First N.* Oh ! this is pitiful.

*Vas.* I'll after him ; but see, he comes again.

[*Re-enter GUZMAN.*

*Guz.* To your posts, gentlemen.

*First N.*

My lord, not so.

Enough has now been done.

*Guz.*

What, thou a traitor !

*First N.* A traitor ! I am none ; it is my love,  
Not for myself, but thee that bids me speak.*Second N.* Now that our countrymen are up and armed  
We may without dishonour yield up that  
Is but of little value.*First N.*

Buying with it

A life shall do good service to our country,  
Which else is lost to it.*Second N.*

Not doing so,

We do not serve our country, but our pride.

*First N.* His lips moveAnd yet he does not speak ; to him, stout Vasquez,  
Thou dost think as we.*Vas.*

I know not what I think ;

But this I know, my very good dear lord,  
I'd rather slit my tongue than it should wag  
To say give way an inch to these blind heathens ;  
Yet, since the bloody dogs have got the advantage,  
To save thy son's life, I do love the boy so,  
'Twere better do this thing.*First N.*

Pray speak, my lord :

Bethink thee that to-morrow——

*Guz.* It is not well in you to press me so ;  
I need your help, I have enough within me  
Of these rebellious thoughts,

And you have given them tongue.

Leave me, pray leave me, I would be alone.

*First N.* Think upon what we have said.

*Guz.* What other thought have I to think upon,  
My brain is whirling with it. [*Exeunt NOBLES.*] Oh kind  
Heaven !

Now grant me aid, for now indeed I need it.

*Enter LADY CORONELA.*

*L. Cor.* Alonzo, why dost shun me so of late ?

*Guz.* I have been busy.

*L. Cor.* And who were they who parted from thee now ?

*Guz.* Some officers of the garrison.

*L. Cor.* They seemed

To urge some suit upon thee.

*Guz.* They did so.

*L. Cor.* What was it ? Thou art silent.

*Guz.* Do not ask me.

*L. Cor.* Obdurate man ! I know well what it was :  
They bade thee save thy son, thou can'st not hide it ;  
A mother has a very piercing eye.  
Though thou art deaf to them thou shalt hear me :  
Like hired advocates they coldly plead,  
And not as though their hearts were in the cause.  
Does pity sleep within a father's breast  
A mother's clamorous tongue shall waken it.  
Think Nature's self now speaks to thee by me  
And cries relent, relent !

*Guz.*

I cannot bear this.

*L. Cor.* Turn not away, canst thou not bear to look  
Upon my tears, and yet hast heart enough  
To kill thy son? Bethink thee what it is  
To be a—— language has no name for it,  
'Twas never thought there could be such a thing.

*Guz.* A wife should be a guide, a stay, a cheer.  
Thou has been so till now, but now thou dost  
Tempt me away from duty and from honour.

*L. Cor.* Duty and honour! Set not up such idols  
And at their Moloch shrine pour out the blood  
Of thy most innocent child.  
I see a quivering upon thy face;  
Thy lip doth fall; pray Heaven thy mind is changing.  
I have been to thee a very faithful wife;  
I have done that which had appalled some women.  
When one by one our sons went forth to war  
I blest them and I wept; sought not to stay them;  
They ne'er came back, and Pedro is our last—  
Our last, Alonzo, think on that—our last. [*Moorish music.*  
Hark! what is that?

*Guz.*

It is the Moorish summons.

*L. Cor.* They will not do it surely in our sight,

*Guz.* Ay, what! no, no! In to thy chamber, love.  
Leave me, I say—forgive my hasty speech—  
In to thy chamber, my own wife, and pray—  
Pray for thy son, and his most wretched father.

[*Exit* LADY CORONELA.]

When Abraham for that awful sacrifice  
Lifted his arm, 'twas God's own voice which stayed him—  
He still is merciful and strong to save.

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SCENE II.—*Before the walls of the Fortress. Enter GUZMAN, VASQUEZ, and SPANIARDS, on the ramparts; ABEN JACOB, JUAN, and Moorish Power below.*

*Ab.* Guzman, once more in mercy we call on thee.  
Remember who it is doth parley here ;  
One who can no more from his glorious path  
Swerve, than the bright sun shining o'er our heads ;  
And by that radiance, I do now swear,  
And by that light of lights that feedeth his,  
I swear that e'er he sets to-morrow, I  
Will stand where now thou standest, or thy son  
Shall never never see him rise again.

*Guz.* Both his, and mine, and thine, and all our lives  
Are in the hands of that tremendous being  
Whose name thou hast so impiously invoked,  
And if it be His will that thou shouldst shed  
The innocent blood, oh ! may He give me strength  
To say, His will be done !  
While I have breath and body to defend,  
I will not yield that I am pledged to keep :  
I will not now throw down the honoured name  
Which I have spent a life in building up,

Were my dead children all alive again,  
I would not do it—not to save them all.  
Thou knowest now my purpose. I can give him.  
And, if thou needest it, behold ! a weapon.

[*Flinging his sword from the battlements.\**

[*Exeunt GUZMAN and SPANIARDS.*

*Ab.* Which thus I do take up.

*Ju.*

This wonders me,

And were I not so deeply in this business——  
But thought is useless now. Shall I relent ?  
This fanatic has no scruples : I'll not quail.  
Shall we continue the attack, my liege ?

*Ab.* Not so, our troops are wearied, hasten thou  
And take advantage of the time to plead  
Thy cause with our fair sister ; let her know  
It is our will she lay aside all scruples  
And wed with thee to-morrow : the same hour  
Shall see thee wed that gives us up the castle.  
Success attend thee.

*Ju.*

I do not dread the event,  
And deeply am indebted to your Majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III.—*Moorish Camp.* ABEN JACOB and JUAN.

*Ju.* A priest, you say, to shrive his son ? he's constant.

*Ab.* Even now he waits permission to attend him.

\* This incident is historical.

*Ju.* Let a strict guard be kept around the tent,  
And we perhaps may find a use for him.

*Ab.* And what says Zora ?

*Ju.* Little, may it please you,  
But in that little, all : she's like the rest ;  
As women use, she blushed, and hung her head ;  
I squeezed her hand, she started, that was all ;  
And when I spoke of eyes, and lips, and so forth,  
Of passion long repressed, grown uncontrollable ;  
If driven to madness, madness caused by her,  
She quite forgot her old imprisoned lover  
In joy to gain a new one. Oh these women !

*Ab.* She did consent to wed thee, then ; 'tis well ;  
And yet I thought her of more constant temper.

*Ju.* A woman's constancy—a proper tale !  
A pretty word to murmur in a sonnet,  
Fit for a crack-brained poet, or the daughter,  
Just turned fourteen, of Mistress Stitch, the sempstress :  
Trust me, I know the world, and know the sex :  
They're true to one, until another woos,  
And constant to their pleasures. Constancy !  
Think you the sun, that ripens their plumpy cheeks,  
Bestows no heat upon the dancing blood  
That mantles in them ? I will tell you now,  
Their love is a fierce flame, consumes itself ;  
Their sorrow is a passionate flood of tears :  
They talk, they weep, they swoon ; then they come to ;  
And then they weep again ; and ere they lay



Their 'kerchief down, have very nigh forgotten  
What all this passionate sorrowing was about.

*Ab.* Too lightly dost thou treat our sister's name :  
But that I think some higher influence,  
Like that which guides my steps, directeth hers,  
I should suspect there were design in this.  
I did not look for such a sudden change.

*Ju.* A plot ! why, ay, I did not think of that :  
'Tis like enough they've hatched one :  
But fear not I will trace it ; Philippa  
Is doubtless in it : ha ! our quarrel, so ;  
First ordering some necessary affairs  
That claim my instant care, King, I will go  
And hunt this matter out.

*Ab.* Do so, while I,  
Will lead this priest to shrive our prisoner.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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SCENE IV.—PEDRO guarded.

*Ped.* Another day is drawing to its close,  
The solemn hues of evening fall around me ;  
And night will soon set in, and then to-morrow.  
To-morrow night !  
But wherefore should I tremble at that word ?  
I have faced Death in many a horrid form,  
Have tugged and struggled with him hand to hand,

Have felt his bony grasp, nor chilled beneath it,  
But there was life in this ; but to lie here,  
Helpless and chained, to see Death steal upon me,  
With slow and stealthy onward creeping steps,  
And glaring tiger eyes, ready to spring,  
And lie as nightmare ridden. Oh ! 'tis horrible,  
'Tis horrible. I have heard how some young swimmer  
When in his wild exuberance of strength  
He parts the water with his shining arms,  
And blows the foam away all laughingly,  
Hath on a sudden felt some monstrous creature  
Growing upon the bottom of the sea,  
Stretch forth its cold and slimy, long dank arms,  
Which, twining round him, suck him gradually,  
Despite of all his mad convulsive struggles,  
Slowly, slowly, gradually down :  
And so comes Death to me. I feel his arms,  
His cold arms twine around my helpless limbs,  
Crushing and stifling, still he clings to me.  
But wherefore do I lie complaining here,  
When I should summon all my strength of heart,  
And show I am, indeed, the son of Guzman.

*Enter GUZMAN in the dress of a Priest.*

*Guz.* I would fain look upon his face once more,  
And hear his voice ere it be still for ever,  
And yet now I am here I scarce can do it.

There's no one sees me now—this should not be—

I will assume a sternness in my speech :

Pedro de Guzman.

*Ped.*

Ha ! who calls my name ?

**Most holy father, I did not perceive thee**

**In the dim light of evening : welcome art thou**

**To one who soon must know a deeper shadow.**

*Guz.* It is indeed thy father, my dear son,  
Thy very wretched father.

*Ped.*

**Father, how**

Didst gain admittance to me? Do not stay ;

If thou shouldst be discovered, those rule here

Who never knew of pity.

*Guz.*

'Tis too true.

Or else how cam'st thou here?

*Ped.*

**Then tarry not,**

To tempt a fate like mine.

*Guz.*

**Still, still, the same :**

**He only thinks of me. Pedro de Guzman.**

Thou hast done great wrong : an officer,

And of no common rank, to carry on

**Clandestine intercourse with the enemy ;**

In our own camp for this thou mightst have met

**A most deserved death ; thy life now forfeit,**

Although by villany to be taken, cannot

By other than dishonour be redeemed,

So thou must die.

*Ped.*

I look for nothing else,

My father, and would scorn to take my life  
At the detested price of trust betrayed.

*Guz.* My son ! my son ! I can assume no longer.  
Why have I lived for all this wretchedness !  
Thy nobleness but aggravates my sorrow ;  
What might it not become, did Heav'n but please  
Time should be given to this fruit to ripen.  
Oh what a day should its meridian be,  
Whose morning dawns so glorious !

*Ped.* Father, do not  
Break forth into these passionate lamentings.

*Guz.* Thou art right, my son, I know this should not be,  
But something may be granted to our frailty :  
Great is the load that Thou hast put upon me,  
Forgive me if I stagger under it.

*Ped.* Our time is gliding swiftly ; there is one  
Of whom I fain would ask thee, and yet fear.  
My mother——

Thou answerest with thy tears. Father, I charge thee,  
These are the last words of thy dying son——  
Control thine anguish—live to be her comfort.  
Tell her——I cannot—I cannot give it words.

*Enter OFFICER of the Guard.*

*Off.* I pity thee, brave youth, and would not harshly  
Perform my duty here ; but the King's orders  
Compel me warn the, priest, thee time allowed  
To do thine office, is already past.

*Guz.* As thou thyself dost hope for bliss in heaven  
Grant us a moment more.

*Off.* Pray you be brief then.

[*Exit.*

*Guz.* Moments! moments! they grudge us moments,  
Pedro,

They grudge us moments with long life before them :  
They're drops of blood to us.

*Ped.* This is but lengthening out our agony ;  
Thy blessing, father, and then I am ready.

*Guz.* Yes, we must part, my Pedro, we must part.  
God bless thee, my dear son, in life and death,  
May He sustain and pardon, and receive thee !

[*Scene closes.*

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SCENE V.—*Another part of the Moorish Camp. Enter*  
*GUZMAN and PHILIPPA from opposite sides.*  
*GUZMAN is passing by, when she stops him.*

*Phil.* Stay, holy father.

*Guz.* Peace be on thee, lady.

*Phil.* Peace is for others, sorrow is for me,  
And 'tis thine office to relieve the wretched.

*Guz.* And who art thou that call'st on me for solace  
And what dost here, Spanish in speech and dress,  
Among the infidel? Let me pass, daughter.

*Phil.* I have no name, save one, which, when I speak it,  
Be thou a Spaniard, and an honest one,  
Priest as thou art, thou'lt curse me : Philippa,

*Guz.* The daughter of the noble De la Corda :  
He was my dearest friend. Ah wretched creature !  
The arrow and the sword respected him  
A daughter's hand struck down.

*Phil.* Thou art no priest,  
Thy very words proclaim thee Guzman's self.

*Guz.* Wilt thou betray me?

*Phil.* Nay, thou wrong'st me, Guzman.

*Guz.* What wouldst thou then ?

*Phil.* Alas ! I know I've fallen  
Almost too low for pity, yet my father  
Prayed for and blest me on his dying bed.

*Guz.* The kind old man ! I have not known his anguish.  
No drop of shame is mingled in my cup  
To make even gall more bitter, yet I murmured.

*Phil.* Oh listen, Guzman ; thee I never wronged.

*Guz.* No Spaniard lives thou hast not done a wrong to.  
 Juan, thy paramour, who now doth turn  
 His parricidal hand against his country,  
 Once loved thee deeply—passionately loved thee.  
 Hadst thou held virtuous—nay, hear me calmly—  
 Thou mightst have lured him into virtue's way.

*Phil.* Who knows that? I am punished, sorely too;  
Yet ne'er abetted nor foresaw his treason.  
Why thus upbraid me?

*Guz.* When we fall from virtue  
We know our own sin, not its bitter sequence,  
The hideous progeny it may engender.

Thou virtuous, Juan ne'er had been so base,  
Had ne'er invited to our shores these Moors ;  
My son had then been free, who now must die.

*Phil.* No, no, he shall not ; 'tis of him I'd speak,  
And therefore stayed thee. I will save him, Guzman.

*Guz.* Woman, I've steeled my breast into a kind  
Of wretched quietness ; in mercy do not  
Waken delusive hope.

*Phil.* No, not delusive :  
To-morrow is, thou know'st, the time appointed  
For thy son's slaughter, if thou dost not buy  
His life with thy dishonour. Doing so,  
And surrend'ring the fortress, yet he will not  
Be let go free unless at the same time  
The lady Zora, who so loves your son,  
Yields up her hand to Juan.

*Guz.* Monstrous ! monstrous !

*Phil.* This is their scheme, but this shall never be.  
To veil our purpose better, Zora hath  
Seemed to consent, and the to-morrow's sunset,  
The time appointed thee to break thy trust,  
Is fixed for her to wed.

*Guz.* How helps this me ?

*Phil.* Prepare thy forces for a vigorous sally  
While they are busied. I will find the means  
To send a guide, who by a path they know not,  
Shall lead thee suddenly upon them, so  
Set free thy son.

*Guz.* But wilt thou hold fast faith ?

*Phil.* Do not fear me ; this marriage must not be.

Zora, I know, would never yield to it  
Were your son scathless. When upon my tent  
The flag that now waves over it is lowered,  
Have ev'rything in readiness. May it be,  
If I should be the means to free thy son,  
As some atonement for my fault received.

*Guz.* Naught but the future can atone the past.  
If then thy present penitence be real,  
Embrace the offered means and leave this place.  
By thy dead father's memory I charge thee,  
Shake off this leprous passion.

*Phil.* The flame of woman's love is hard to quench,  
Whether it burn to ruin or to cheer.

*Guz.* Thine's so unnatural, it is enough  
To make the dead bones burst from out their shroud.  
Dost thou not fear that he himself should rise,  
And come and draw the curtains of thy couch,  
And startle thee, in all thy guilty pleasures !

*Phil.* Oh ! mercy ! mercy ! This is horrible.

*Guz.* What ! dost thou tremble at the bare idea,  
Yet dost not fear to live in that damned course  
That may provoke unnatural retribution ?

*Phil.* Thy words have moved me—that thou well mayst  
see ;

But I have gone, I fear, too far to back  
With any hope of safety. 'Tis my fate



Compels me still ; I cannot choose but love.  
But yet I know not, if to-morrow crown  
My efforts with success to free thy son,  
And offer me the means, belike I may——  
But when that time comes the fit hour 'twill be  
To choose my course ; until then, fare-thee-well.

[*Exit* PHILIPPA.

*Guz.* Before the tears upon thy cheek be dry,  
I fear thy good resolves will be effaced.  
Oh that my Pedro's safety should depend  
On such a frail support ! yet it is hope. [Exit.

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SCENE VI.—PHILIPPA'S Tent. JUAN alone.

*Ju.* 'Tis surely so, else whither hath she gone ?  
The King was doubtless right in his suspicion ;  
There is some mischief toward. Oh ! she comes.

*Enter* PHILIPPA.

Good-even to you, Philippa.

*Phil.*

Good-even.

*Ju.* No more than this ? How unkind thou hast  
grown.

*Phil.* Thou surely dost mistake in coming hither.

*Ju.* Why, I am filled with sad and troubled thoughts.

*Phil.* And come to me for comfort ! Thou hadst best  
Go, as I think, and seek it of thy younger,

More fresh, and dainty bride ; thou knowest I  
Am nothing now but a mere faded garment,  
A thing cast off for any servile use.

*Ju.* What things ye women are. Dost thou not know  
A man's proud spirit can ill brook to say,  
Like a chid schoolboy, I am very sorry.  
And grant, that in some fit of petulance,  
I uttered that not even anger meant,  
It were more kind and generous, Philippa,  
Wouldst read repentance in my altered bearing.  
Then, clear thy brow, frowns should not hover there ;  
Come, let us sit and chat. Why, dost thou know  
I have been waiting very long for thee ? *[They sit.*  
A truant hast thou been ; now then, a kiss,  
And tell me, Philippa, where hast been gadding ?

*Phil.* I did but go to see the King review  
The troops that last arrived.

*Ju.* So, was that all ?  
*[Aside.]* Oh ! ready tongue to lie.

*Phil.* *[Aside.]* He surely loves me.  
Please you, untwine your arm.

*Ju.* Nay, let it be ;  
And now, another kiss, my Philippa,  
The last was but a cold one.

*Phil.* May be so ;  
You know my lips have long since lost their freshness.

*Ju.* No more of that.

*Phil.* No more of this, my lord.

*Ju.* Dost get the bees spread honey on thy lips,  
That they do taste so very, very sweet ?

*Phil.* Go, flatterer.

*Ju.* If truth be flattery, am I to blame ?

*Phil.* [*Aside.*] My power is not yet wholly gone, it  
seems ;

I thought it strange if 'twere.

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] She melts ! she melts !

*Phil.* What is the occasion of thy troubled thoughts ?

*Ju.* How canst thou ask it ? Philippa, thou lov'st me,  
And knowest well my high and towering spirit ;  
I thought my heart was made of stubbornner stuff,  
Though proud, it is a loving one to thee.  
Lured by my soaring hopes, my wild ambition,  
I have accepted the king's overtures  
To wed the Lady Zora, and discover  
That I have rashly, madly thrown away  
The blest enjoyment of all nature's fulness,  
To play a glittering, yet an empty part  
In a cold heartless pageant.

*Phil.* Juan ! Juan !

*Ju.* What ! Dost thou weep ? And canst thou then  
forgive me ?

*Phil.* Forgive me, Juan.

*Ju.* That I ask of thee.

*Phil.* I need forgiveness, I have plotted 'gainst thee.

*Ju.* What ? Thou ! Nay, all thy stratagems have been  
But schemes to pleasure me.

*Phil.*

Oh ! dost thou love me ?

*Ju.* How can I choose but love ? [*Aside.*] 'Tis coming now.

Upon this precious volume here, I swear it,  
Whose rosy leaves ne'er open but to yield  
Entrancing music.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Phil.*

I am much to blame :

In my mad rage I have joined me with thy foes.  
The seeming priest thou didst admit was none  
But Guzman's self, and I have promised him  
To send a guide to-morrow, who shall lead  
His forces suddenly upon the camp,  
Set free your prisoner, and stop that marriage.

*Ju.* [*Starting up.*] Ha !

*Phil.*

Art thou angry ?

*Ju.*

No, my Philippa.

And Zora, then, but seems to give consent,  
And does not mean to wed me ?

*Phil.*

Not unless

Fear for her lover's safety work upon her.

*Ju.* [*Aside.*] That such a thing as this should plot  
against me !

But I will sort you for it, cunning madam.  
Knows Pedro of this scheme ?

*Phil.*

I have but now

Returned from making him acquainted with it.  
I gained admittance to him by the means

Of the sergeant of the guard, whose life was saved,  
When forfeit some time since, at my entreaty.

*Ju.* My dear Philippa, this is a secret  
That is well worth the knowing and rewarding ;  
Instead of wedding with the Lady Zora  
To-morrow, I will take thee by the hand,  
And there before the Moorish power assembled,  
Our nuptials shall be solemnised. But mark :  
Let what has passed between us now be private.  
The forces shall be strengthened in that part  
By which they mean to sally. [*Aside.*] Death ! that she,  
That she should dare to plot. My Philippa,  
Let everything be ready for our marriage.  
[*Aside.*] How it will mad her when she sees me wed  
To Zora 'stead of her : she shall be mine.

*Phil.* Why dost thou so debate it with thyself ?  
Have I offended ?

*Ju.* Do not trouble me.  
Nay, my sweet wench ; to-morrow, ay, to-morrow.

*Phil.* I would not that this gallant youth should die ;  
Thou'lt save his life for my sake, wilt thou, Juan ?  
It was my love for thee made me break counsel.  
Obtain his pardon then.

*Ju.* Oh ! surely will I.

*Phil.* And wilt thou leave me, Juan, and so soon ?

*Ju.* I must, my Philippa : good-night, good-night.  
Dream of to-morrow, and our coming marriage.

[*Exit.*]

PHILIPPA (*gazing after him*).

Is he true now, or does he still dissemble?  
How cunningly he drew my secret from me.  
I'm very weak, but only weak through love;  
Perhaps I should have doubted, but I dared not,  
Or had gone mad outright. He bade me dream—  
Let my dream be of truth, and love, and joy,  
And if it come not true, I'll sleep for ever.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—PHILIPPA'S Tent. PHILIPPA seated before a large  
mirror. ATTENDANTS attiring her.

*First Att.* Wilt please you, madam, wear this carcanet?

*Phil.* I have enough of these same baubles on me.

Dost think I need them to set off my features?

Let foulness claim the aid of ornament,

Beauty may shine without.

*First Att.*

But precious things

Are only thrown away where beauty is not,

Let beauty help them shine then.

*Phil.*

Girl, well argued;

This headgear is becoming as I take it;

Doth it not show so, wench? what sayest thou?

*First Att.* It is the wearer that becomes the dress,  
And not the dress the wearer.

*Phil.* Ah, dost think so?  
Why here is some beauty.  
There is a jewel for thee, 'tis a rich one.  
When I am wedded, and my princely Juan  
The second in the kingdom, these shall be  
More plenty with thee.

*First Att.* I much thank your bounty,  
Most gracious lady. You will wear this girdle?

*Phil.* Surely—'twas his first gift. Can'st read the motto?

[*Reads.*] "*These jewels, every one a star,\**

*Bind in a fairer world by far*

*Than that clasped by the Zodiac's line ;*

*Oh that this glorious world were mine ! "*

"Oh that this glorious world were mine ! "

In faith 'tis very pretty. What's the time?

[*Quickly.*] Answer me quickly, 'twas to you I spake.

*Second Att.* Madam, I think it wants an hour of sunset.

*Phil.* So much? There, that will do : you weary me.  
What was the name of that great Moorish king  
Who built a city to record his love?

*First Att.* Abdelzamin ! the city was called Zehra.

*Phil.* His mistress' name. It was a noble deed,

\* Juan might be supposed to have borrowed from Donne and Waller, had he not lived so very long before they wrote. The thought, however, is probably as old as girdles, waists, or even the Zodiac itself.





*To second Att.]* I was too hasty that I laid my hand  
Upon thee so, but I will pay thee for it.  
Say, is the music ready that I ordered ?

*First Att.* Madam, it is.

*Phil.* It shall precede me thither.  
'Tis not yet time ; I'll rest within my tent,  
And then——

*Second Att.* Pride chokes the sentence.

*[Exeunt into the inner Tent.*

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SCENE II.—*Part of the Moorish Camp. PEDRO chained.*  
*ABEN JACOB, JUAN, ZORA, PRIEST, Moorish Power*  
*assembled.*

*Ab.* The sun hath set, but his beneficent beams  
Still linger in the west ; till they be quenched  
We yet defer thy death, affording thee  
A few brief moments more, for preparation  
For that fate which impends, and must fall on thee,  
Unless thy father bend his haughty spirit  
Before predestined will.

*Ped.* Look not for that ;  
He is as resolute in his good course  
As thou art in thine evil one, and I,  
Calmly to suffer all thou canst inflict.

*Ju.* Thou art very brave.

*Ped.* If thou wert in my place  
Thou couldst not die as I will show thee how.

*Ju.* Oh, I have other thoughts than those of dying.

*Ped.* And yet death may be nearer than thou thinkest.

*Ju.* Dost talk of death ? I am going to be married.

*Ab.* The fitting time is come ; bid the priest hither.

[*PRIEST advances.*

Thou hast deserved her by thy services.

Be proud, but thankful, that thou now shalt join

Thy blood with one who claims no less descent

Than from our mighty Prophet.

*Ju.*

All his Houris

Moulded in one, would not make up such beauty

As that which shineth here.

*Ab.*

Approach, and take her.

*Ju.* Fair mistress, though unworthy of this hand——

*Zo.* Thou sayest thou art unworthy of this hand

And, therefore, shouldst not claim it.

I know thou art unworthy of this hand,

And so I will not give it.

*Ab.*

How is this ?

*Zo.* In days of happiness I learned to love,

In sorrow I discovered and avowed it,

In death I will not change.

*Ped.*

Excellent creature !

*Zo.* Thou hast enough of enemies, my Pedro,

I will not join them.

*Ped.* Death hath no pang

Like parting from thee, Zora.

*Ju.*

But life has,

And thou shalt feel it in its bitterness,  
When thou shalt see me make thy Zora mine.  
Wilt please to give a blessing on my marriage?  
Mistress, thy hand.

*Ab.* Zora ! no more delay ;  
Thou art presuming much too far in this.  
Dare not oppose our will one moment longer.

Zo. Thou art my brother, and by much my elder,  
And add to that, thou art my sovereign—  
But love, nor custom, law, nor duty give  
The power thou wouldst usurp.

*Ab.* Dispute it not,  
Or I, perforce, will hold thy unwilling hand  
While the priest says the blessing.

*Ju.* Pretty Zora,  
Wilt come, or must I drag thee to my side?

*Ped.* Dare not to lay thy foul polluting touch  
Upon that piece of purity and beauty.

*Ju.* Bold men may quail when the free lion roars,  
Who can be frightened by a muzzled dog?  
Thou'rt soon to die. Wouldst, like a dog, die yelping?

*Ped.* Thy soldiers screen thee. Oh, I would thou wert  
Within the limit of my cabin'd arms,  
And with these chains I'd brain thee.

*Ju.* Would you so? Thus I answer.

**[Approaching ZORA.**

***Ab.*** Drag her forward.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* My lord, the castle gates are flung wide open,  
And the besieged in all their strength come forth.

*Zo.* Relief then comes at last.

*Ped.* My hope assured me  
That thou shouldst not complete this wickedness.

*Ju.* Hope is a flatterer, do not listen to it ;  
Better by far fall back upon despair,  
For that is the content of misery.  
Content now is a very goodly thing ;  
You are a philosopher, and ought to know this.  
Your plot is known, and foiled, sagacious youth.

*Ab.* With twenty times their feeble force they could not  
Break through our strengthened and prepared lines.  
On with the ceremony.

*Ju.* Priest, proceed.

[*Music heard.*]

*Ab.* What music's that ?

*Ju.* 'Tis my gull's note, I take it.  
Look for a storm now, and a heavy one.

*Enter PHILIPPA, magnificently attired.*

How proud she looks in all her bravery.  
Sweet Philippa, I'm much beholden to thee ;  
I thank thee, that thou com'st in such good time  
To grace the ceremonial.

*Phil.* How is this ?

*Ju.* 'Tis very kind of thee, in faith it is.  
Who shall dare, henceforth, say that women are  
Envious and jealous, and I know not what,  
When thus thou comest, and so gaily set  
To grace a rival's marriage ?

*Phil.*

Oh my heart !

*Ju.* Oh ! 'twas well done to plot against me, madam,  
Then sell the secret for a few soft words,  
A show of love, endearments, and hot kisses.

*Phil.* Oh ! I deserve this ; I deserve it all.

*Ju.* Wilt please to take thy place there by the bride ?  
'Tis there her friend should stand.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* My lord ! my lord !  
I've scarcely breath enough to tell my news ;  
We are attacked in rear, by whom we know not.

*Ab.* By your fears, fool. It is impossible.  
It can but be part of the garrison  
Have made a circuit. Back, thou slave, and fight them.  
My rage is wakening at these delays ;  
On with the wedding.

*Pr.*

Does the maid consent ?

*Zo.* Oh no, no, no ! I hate and scorn the man.

*Phil.* Juan, thou lovedst me once, or at least thou  
saidst so,

Although, perhaps, e'en then thou didst dissemble.  
Do not go further in this wicked business.

'Tis very humbling to a woman's pride  
To sue for love, but see me kneeling here,  
With tears and not reproaches, I adjure thee—  
Cast me not from thee as a scornèd thing,  
It was my love that made me plot against thee—  
Not against thee—only to stop this marriage.

*Ju.* Fair bridesmaid, please you to remove your arms,  
Or you will ruffle all my wedding trim.

*Phil.* Oh ! do not look so scornfully upon me.  
And is there, then, no corner of thy heart  
In which thy once-loved lingers ?

*Ju.* None, whatever.

I loved you, but 'tis many years ago,  
And now I would be quit of you, and so——  
Unloose me, woman, let me go, I say.

*Phil.* Deceived, and then deserted, scorned, despised.

*Ju.* 'Sdeath, quit thy hold.

*Phil.* And spurned at last. Then, this, shall make thee  
mine.

*[Snatches his dagger from his side, and stabs him.]*

*Ju.* Ha ! devil. I am fairly sped, for certain.

A woman's hand ; and so end all my schemes. *[Dies.]*

*Ped.* Oh ! even justice !

*Ab.* Guards, approach, and seize her.

*Phil.* Back, frantic fools ! Look well upon this weapon.  
One life already reeks upon its blade,  
And betwixt hilt and point is room enough,  
Though for a thousand. His blood that now stains it,

Was every drop of it so dearly prized,  
I would have given all my own to save it ;  
Yet that rich blood I shed.  
And so, stand back, nor throw away your lives ;  
It is not yet complete, but this ends all. [*Stabs herself.*  
Now, while our blood is mingling on the ground,  
Bid the priest come and join our hands together.  
Oh ! Juan, 'twas my love that made me do this.  
Wilt thou forgive me ? So. One kiss, no more.  
His lips are not yet dead. I say they moved !  
Give me thy hand, we will be married, love,  
And death in his black robes shall be the priest,  
None binds so fast and sure. How hard he gripes me.  
What ! firmer still ? But yet 'tis very cold. [*Dies.*

Zo. Oh ! this is dreadful.

Pr. It is easier far  
To bid the roaring winds of heaven be still,  
And charm the raging seas into compliance,  
Than check the passions in their headlong course.

Ab. I walk as one suddenly roused from sleep,  
Staggering forward with uncertain steps,  
Misdoubting all I look on. How is this ?  
Truth cannot change, and yet these strange events,  
The horrid, sudden ending of that man  
Do yet beget a wonder. Now, what more ?

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

Mess. My lord ! our troops give way on every side,  
Fresh Spaniards still come up ; the royal army

Is in full march towards us, the advanced guard  
Fell on our rear. All's lost.

*Ab.* I'll hear no more.

Hence thoughts and doubts ; it is a time for action.  
Close in our ranks. Look well there to the prisoner.  
Attend the princess to a place of safety.  
No opposition now.

*Ped.* Beseech thee go,  
All may be well.

*Ab.* By force, if she resist.

*Zo.* We may not meet upon this earth again ;  
Farewell, once more farewell.

*Ped.* Heaven bless thee.

[*Exit ZORA.*]

*Ab.* El Zagel raise our banner ; if we fall  
Its wind shall fan our dying cheek, its folds  
Shall make our shroud. Say I a shroud ? Say rather  
A glorious garment meet for Paradise.  
The conflict makes this way ; by Mahomet's beard,  
Soon as one Spaniard meets my eye, this sword  
That moment slakes its hot thirst in thy blood.

GUZMAN *within.*

*Guz.* Where is this cruel king ? Give me my son.

*Ped.* Here, father, here.

*Ab.* His sight shall bring thee death.

*Ped.* On, gallant gentlemen, fear not for me,  
Press onward, shout for Guzman and Castile.



*Enter GUZMAN, VASQUEZ, and SPANISH SOLDIERS.*

*Ab.* Ha ! is it so ? for Allah be this blow then.

*[Stabbing PEDRO.]*

*Vas.* And thus then Allah pays thee, bloody dog.

*[VASQUEZ and ABEN JACOB fight: the KING is slain: the MOORS are driven off.]*

Does life yet linger ? so—and so—and so.

*[Stabbing him.]*

*Enter CARRARES and Spanish forces.*

*Car.* How now, stout Vasquez ? Oh ! heart-piercing sight !

*Guz.* *[Endeavouring to stanch PEDRO's wounds.]*

My son ! my son ! and is it thus we meet ?

*Ped.* Father, 'tis useless——

*Guz.* Oh ! no, no, no, my boy ! live Pedro, live.

*Vas.* He's dying, sir ; you do but trouble him.

*Ped.* The blow was struck home, father ;

My eyes grow dim ; a few brief moments, and——

*Guz.* Nay, 'tis but faintness. Oh ! how blue his lips grow :

Oh ! God of mercy ! spare him to me ! spare him !

*Ped.* Wring not thine hands so, father.—Life is ebbing :  
I've hardly breath——my Mother—Zora—Father.

*[Dies.]*

*Guz.* He's dead, he's dead ?

*Vas.* Behold his murderer's blood : he is avenged.

Let us not slip the opportunity :

Let us make after them, my noble master.

*Guz.* That it should come to this !

*Vas.* My lord ! my lord !

*Guz.* You trouble me. [*Trumpet sounds.*] Be silent, 'tis his dirge.

[*Body of PEDRO carried out. GUZMAN follows.*]

*Car.* See, Vasquez, lying here the bleeding bodies  
Of Juan, and his wretched mistress, Philippa.

*Vas.* He has escaped me then ; I meant to pay him.

*Car.* 'Tis by her hand 'twould seem he has been slain,  
Which after has been turned against herself.

*Vas.* 'Tis now no time to talk of these events ;  
Let us again upon the enemy.  
They yield on every side. On, on, for vengeance.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*Chamber in the Fortress. Enter VASQUEZ and  
PHYSICIAN severally.*

*Ph.* What tidings of the fight, sir ?

*Vas.* The fight is now a chase, on every hand  
The enemy is defeated ; ere the morning  
They will be quite destroyed. I had not left  
So soon, but could not bear to be in doubt.  
How fares my noble master ?

*Ph.* Sir, I grieve  
To answer you ; sorrow has made him frenzied.

*Vas.* Look on this chain, it is of solid gold  
And costly workmanship. Use all thy art,  
Restore him, 'tis thine own.

*Ph.* Nay, keep thy chain ;  
My love will work more than a mine of gold.

*Vas.* Thou hast a kind heart, doctor, and an honest,  
As all thy trade should have, and mostly have ;  
Forgive me.

*Ph.* Nay, I do not take offence.  
Behold, sir, the sad subject of our speech.

*Enter GUZMAN and ATTENDANTS.*

*Guz.* You think that I shall do myself a violence,  
I know you do, that thus you dog my steps ;  
You've ta'en away my sword. I had another—  
I have been thinking what I did with that.

*Ph.* Speak to him, sir, in mercy speak to him,  
Let not his thoughts run that way.

*Vas.* My dear lord.

*Guz.* My faithful soldier. Ha ! my good old Vasquez.  
Be not offended that I call thee old ;  
We have grown old together. I that wedded,  
Have a brave son, do you know where he is ?

*Vas.* Quite gone.

*Ph.* The fit is on him now at worst.

*Vas.* Hath he forgotten what has happened to him ?

*Ph.* He varies much ; sometimes he talks thus wildly,

And then at others, sits as in a stupor ;  
Then will he suddenly start up, and cry  
With piercing voice " My son ! " and beat his breast  
But yet he sheds no tear.

*Guz.* Call our son hither ;

He should be at the council.  
Do not fear, wife. He'll very soon be here.  
It is our wedding-day.

*Vas.* Alas ! alas !

*Guz.* I tell you, that I will not yield the fortress.  
Behold a weapon ! Was it not heroical ?  
Ha ! bloody king, now, now, I have thee fast.

*Vas.* Do you not know me, sir ?

*Guz.* You are a traitor !

I'll have no whispering, plotting, or disguising.

You are a traitor, Vasquez.

'Twas you, I say, that counselled me to wait  
And looked out for the signal ; was it not ?  
Fool that I was, to think that truth could dwell  
Within the breast that vice had made its own.

*Vas.* That shows more consciousness ; 'twas like himself.

*Ph.* See he is lost again, this heavy melancholy is harder  
to deal with than the extreme of frenzy.

*Vas.* Might not the sight of the Moorish lady, the  
unhappy, though innocent cause of his misery, perhaps  
recall his reason ?

*Ph.* The shock, I fear, may be more than he has strength  
to bear, and yet so hopeless is his present state, that it were

well to try. [*Speaks to ATTENDANT, who goes out.*] You have not told me where you found her.

*Vas.* In the women's tent, weeping, poor thing, as if her heart would break. I never could bear to see a woman's tears, rough crab-stock as I am. How does she now?

*Ph.* The wound is too deep, I fear, not to be mortal.

*Enter ZORA.*

*Ph.* The Lady Zora, sir, is come to see you.

*Guz.* Zora! Zora! I once knew that name.

*Zo.* Alas! alas! how grievously he's changed.  
Have you forgotten me?

*Guz.* It were a fine thing if one could forget many things in this rough world. Come nearer to me, child. I think I recollect thee long ago. Yes, yes; but it is many years ago, and thou hast changed since then. Why dost thou weep?

Things beautiful should all be good and happy:

It was so at the first; when this fair world

Was a confused, void, and shapeless mass,

The all-good Maker charmed it into order,

And left his impress, Beauty.

Beauty and virtue are by nature twins;

Sorrow and passion 'tis have broke their union,

For little children all are beautiful.

*Zo.* 'Tis useless quite.

*Vas.*

I fear so.

*Ph.*

Give not up yet.

See how he gazes now upon her features:

'Tis strange how even in his very fantasy.  
His native nobleness of mind breaks forth,  
And plays like sunshine upon some gray ruin.

Zo. He seems to recognise me.

Guz.

Ah ! I know thee.

*[Thrusting her back, and covering his eyes.]*

But cannot bear thy sight. Oh ! fatal beauty !

Zo. Indeed I was the cause, but do not curse me ;  
I would have given my life to have saved his.  
It will not be a very long one now.

Ph. See, the big tears are running through his fingers,  
Outcome of agony, blest drops of healing,  
Kind Nature's never-failing anodyne !

Guz. Forgive me, child, for being rough with thee,  
Reason came back with a rude shock upon me,  
And then I knew not what I did or said.

Ph. Best leave him, lady, now.

Zo.

May Heaven restore you !

*[Exit ZORA.]*

Guz. How is my wife ?—and where ?—can I not see her ?

Ph. To-morrow, sir, you shall, but for this night  
Retire and try to sleep. Lean upon me.

Guz. And on thee, too, my Vasquez.

*[Exit, supported by PHYSICIAN and VASQUEZ.]*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Walls of the Fortress. Enter KING SANCHE, CARRARES, and Spanish army.*

*San.* So now the sun arises cheerily  
And looking down upon our Spain, beholds  
No alien with hard hoof, impiously trampling  
Her fertile fields. Her children bless his beams,  
Knowing the fruit they ripen shall be theirs  
To enjoy in peace ; the enemy destroyed  
Who thought to snatch the blessing from their hands.  
On his full wheat-sheaves lolls fat plenty now,  
In his brown hand crushing the purple clusters,  
Unknowing of a care, except to shade  
Intruding sunbeams from his winking eyes,  
As dreaming of his store, he lazily  
Counts the rich gain the bounteous season yields.  
Praises are due to all, but most to those  
Who have so valiantly maintained our cause  
In this good fortress. Bid our trumpets sound.  
Carrares, we do owe thee much, and will  
Strive to find means of payment.

[*The gates are opened. Enter INEZ and ATTENDANTS.*  
Ah ! a lady !

*In.* My lord, I come to bid you welcome here,  
And pray your pardon for the absence of  
The hapless Duchess, mourning for her son.

*San.* A mother's sorrows are too sacred far  
For any vulgar eye to look upon.

Alas ! poor lady ; and the noble Guzman,  
How doth he bear this blow ?

*In.* So great a sorrow  
Had crushed a man less noble. Until now  
He ne'er so justly might be named " The Good."  
Your summons called him from his oratory,  
'Tis there he seeks for strength, nor seeks it vainly.  
I left him, sire, preparing to come forth.

*San.* Goodness is catching, surely ; nothing here  
But is filled full of nobleness and virtue.

*Car.* With what a modest dignity she speaks !  
For all its wildness, deep may be the stream,  
Though laughing sunbeams play upon its surface.

*Enter VASQUEZ, with Soldiers of Garrison. Lastly GUZMAN,  
with ATTENDANTS carrying the keys of the Fortress.*

*San.* These are the jewels really grace a king,  
Monarchs, be proud to wear them. Thou good man,  
In sorest strife illustrious conqueror !  
So much hast thou endured, and in my cause,  
I blush to look upon thee : thought can never  
Rise up to the conception of such virtue,  
The poorer tongue cannot express the thought.

*Guz.* Your Majesty is welcome to your own,—  
I pray you, do not heap these praises on me,  
My duty is discharged.

*San.* But at what price !



*Guz.* I may not think of that,  
Planting my foot upon the rock of patience,  
I'll strive to bear my sorrows valiantly;  
And in their measureless extremity  
I trust I have a higher happiness  
Than were he living by my side, who now——  
May it please your Majesty to take the keys.

*[Kneels and presents them as the curtain drops.]*

# THE SECRETARY.

*A Play in Three Acts.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUBERT FALCONER.

SIR EDWARD FALCONER.

EARL COURTTOWN.

LORD COURTTOWN, his son.

SIR PHILIP HERBERT.

FRANCIS HERBERT, his son.

FRIBBLE.

STEWARD, .

COOK,

RALPH,

GREGORY,

} Servants to SIR EDWARD FALCONER.

RACHEL, daughter of HUBERT FALCONER.

ELEANOR, daughter of SIR EDWARD FALCONER.

*The Scene is laid in England, in Falconer Castle and the neighbourhood.*

Time, the latter part of the reign of Charles II.

## To the Memory

OF A LATELY LOST, AND ALWAYS, AND EVER AND EVER TO BE  
LOVED BROTHER,

This Play is Inscribed.

It was written many years ago, and originated in the thought whether anything, apart from rivalry in the passion of love, could sever the attachment of brothers closely bound to one another in infancy, youth, and early manhood, and render them adversaries. The writer was thus led to the invention of a train of circumstances which should for a time have such an effect, and he also sought incidentally to show the changes wrought by a long course of adversity in hardening the nature of one of the brothers, and of prosperity in corrupting that of the other, while working out in the sequel of his story the triumph under home influences and early associations of Christian charity and brotherly love.

The period chosen—the latter years of the reign of Charles II.—seemed to lend itself to the probabilities of the Story, while it afforded the Author a considerable variety of character. The sturdy rough old Cavalier, living his healthy country life apart from the vices and follies of the Court—his son as brave and manly, but of a more thoughtful and higher type—the supple courtiers, immersed in the pleasures and selfishness of the times—their children affected, but not wholly corrupted by them, having sufficient nobleness of nature to struggle upwards towards the better days soon to come—all naturally fell within the scope of the plan which the Author has endeavoured to work out.



# THE SECRETARY.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open country. The seat of the Falconer family  
in the distance.* HUBERT FALCONER, RACHEL.

*Ra.* Nay, father, stay not here ; it cannot be  
But this place must awaken sad remembrance.

*Hu.* Ay, girl, I know it much too well indeed !  
There stands the house that should of right be mine.  
Twenty sad years have passed since I abandoned it,  
And on this very spot I stood and gazed,  
And found then how I loved it ; had gone back,  
But that the devils, pride and rage possessed me.  
My youthful folly well deserved rebuke,  
Yet not the cruel one that drove me mad.  
My father's bitter words made me a wanderer ;  
But sorely have I suffered for my fault !

*Ra.* Nay, dwell not on these mournful memories.

*Hu.* My life has been one long calamity.  
In battle I have fought as one who held  
His life a plaything, only to see others  
Receive the guerdon that of right was mine.  
I laid out all, my all, my blood-bought all,  
Desp'rately ventured on the treach'rous seas :  
To all but me they yielded stores of wealth.  
Disasters gathered in black clouds around me,  
And savage fate roared after in the blast ;  
Oh, ocean ! why in thy insatiate gulfs——

*Ra.* Father, forgive me ; but this should not be ;  
Our lives were spared——

*Hu.* And what is life to me ?  
Think you the beast that staggers 'neath his burden,  
Is grateful that it presses his galled back ?

*Ra.* Let's hope for better times.

*Hu.* And starve while hoping.

*Ra.* Is not your brother Edward the possessor  
Of all these rich domains, of which thou'rt heir ?

*Hu.* And dare I claim them ? Am I not compelled  
To 'scape the vengeance of the favourite,  
Who lords it now in this degenerate land,  
To skulk about in hiding ? And for what ?  
Because I struck to earth the tinselled thing  
Who dared insult thee in his grace's livery.

*Ra.* His wound was slight, and will be soon forgotten.  
Such events are now, alas ! too common  
To be remembered long.

*Hu.* And, meanwhile, Rachel,  
What would you have me do for sustenance ?  
How shall we live ? Bird-like, upon berries ?

*Ra.* Why not make known your state unto your  
brother ?

I've heard you say, that he was still a kind one.

*Hu.* We loved each other in our boyish days  
With more than brothers' love ; in studies, pastimes,  
Sorrows, and joys, were all to one another ;  
Our features were alike. What of all this ?  
The world on me has laid a heavy hand,  
And its hot injuries have nigh burned up  
My heartstrings, while with him smoothly has flowed  
The stream of life, and thus prosperity  
Has wrought upon his gentle and staid temper  
The effect adversity has had on mine.  
The dust and dross of wealth have choked his nature ;  
The kindly youth is now the grasping man.  
Then, what have I to look for from his hands,  
But that he should, to be well rid of me,  
And of my troublesome claims to his estate,  
Denounce me to the Duke of Buckingham ?

*Ra.* Perhaps you judge him harshly.

*Hu.* 'Tis the world,  
And that which I have seen and suffered in it,  
That makes me speak thus. Oh experience !  
At what a costly price we purchase thee.

*Ra.* Suppose that I should go unto my uncle,



And see if he be that the world proclaims him,  
Or, whether envy call by a harsh name  
What haply is but over-carefulness ?

*Hu.* Rachel, thou shalt. Disclose to him thy birth,  
Concealing my return to England.  
But, do not humble thyself before him,  
Thou art my daughter, I, a gentleman.  
Do not these rags proclaim it ?

*Ra.* Nay, do not look so wildly. Father, father,  
I could bear any hardship or privation.  
I cannot bear to see thee thus.

*Hu.* Rachel,  
I know that I have quenched thy light of youth,  
And in the season that should know but smiles  
Have cast the shade of sadness on thy cheek.  
I know my moody temper has done more  
Than all our troubles have. Forgive me, Rachel.

*Ra.* Oh sir ! 'tis now, indeed, you make me weep.

*Hu.* Nay, Rachel, do not. I will be more patient.  
Indeed, indeed I love thee. Oh ! they know not,  
Whom fortune smiles on, honours court, and pleasures  
Wait on obsequious from morn till night,  
Who are possessed of all the praise and worship  
Ambition dreams of ; and, ah ! dearer far,  
All the respect and love that even virtue  
Grows almost proud of. Oh ! these know not how  
Earnest and yearning that affection is  
Throbbing within the breast that knows and feels

That only love, its only happiness,  
That only love to bind it to its kind !

*Ra.* But thou hast many things yet left to love,  
And yet thou shalt not love me one jot less ;  
And thou hast many comforts in thy reach,  
Yet will not I be less a comfort to thee.  
There are a thousand joys that ever wait  
Upon the quiet and contented spirit.  
There's not a wild flower blossoms in the hedge  
But was placed there for man's enjoyment :  
Children of pomp walk beneath gilded domes,  
That hide the glorious canopy of heaven ;  
For garish lamps, we'll have the quiet stars ;  
For music, singing birds and waterfalls.  
And tell me, father, which the courtly perfume  
Dare vie in odour with the blossoming May ?  
These be the poor man's pleasures, the unbought,  
Yet priceless luxuries of bounteous nature :  
Alas ! for those who have no heart to enjoy them.

*Hu.* Heaven has been very good to me in thee ;  
I know not what I might have been, an' I  
Had not had thy sweet spirit to control me.  
Let us go see this brother. Time and sorrow  
Have so worked here he will not recognise me.  
I'll with thee as thy servant, although hardly  
A fit attendant for so fair a lady.

*Ra.* Fear not, our sunshine days shall come again,  
And we will wear brave clothes then, dearest father.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Study of SIR EDWARD FALCONER. SIR EDWARD FALCONER seated at a table covered with books, papers, &c.*

*Sir E.* Wealth ! wealth ! wealth ! wealth ! What do we suffer for thee !

The slave, who digs the gold from out the earth,  
Whose pallid cheek shall never know again  
The blessed air and sunshine, doth not toil  
As I have done, and thousands do, for thee.  
But these are idle thoughts. My Eleanor !  
It is not for myself I have done this ;  
Not for myself : 'tis all for thee, my daughter.  
My wealth shall win for thee a coronet.  
Methinks I see it glittering on thy brow.  
Would that this earl were here. What can delay him ?  
How if this story lately buzzed abroad  
Should prove true now, and Hubert really come ?  
A few brief days, Fortune—I ask no more.  
Ho ! Ralph, ho ! Why bring you not the letters ?

[*Enter RALPH.*

*Ra.* Gregory hath not returned, sir.

*Sir E.* Where loiters he ? Why send a fool like him ?  
For aught you know, he'll wander about till night-fall.  
Go seek him, sir.

*Ra.* Hither he comes, an't please you.

*Enter* GREGORY.

*Sir E.* How now, you lazy knave, why wast so long ?  
Give me the letters——

*Gre.* Letters, Sir Edward, letters ?  
There was but one, sir ; had there been a dozen  
I had come twelve times as fast.

*Sir E.* Give me the letter.

*Gre.* Instantly, Sir Edward.  
Had there been twelve, they had been twelve times as  
heavy ;  
Twelve times as long a-coming.

*Ra.* Gregory ;  
Your tongue will get your back some day in trouble.

*Gre.* [*Looking for the letter.*] I have it safe in one pouch  
or the other.

As I was standing, waiting for the post,  
There came a damsel up, all sweet and trim,  
A pretty wench, a very pretty wench ;  
I looked her in the face, for I remembered  
That I had on my brand-new scarlet hose.

*Sir E.* The letter, fool, the letter.

*Gre.* Speak not harshly ;  
You've flurried me, or ere this I had found it.

*Ra.* It never does to speak harshly to Gregory, Sir  
Edward.

*Gre.* I hope I have not lost it. 'Tis a large one,  
And "Speed" is written in the corner here ;  
I give Heaven thanks I have been taught to read :

Oh ! now I know ; I put it in my cap !  
See, here it is—a deal of wax about it—  
'Tis wonderful how gentlefolks do waste.

*Sir E.* Go, both, and wait without.

*Gre.*

Come, Ralph, I'll tell you.

This damsel now that I was speaking of,  
Came tripping up, and who d'ye think it was ;  
Why, pretty Phoebe, the new dairymaid ;  
And in her hand she held a love-letter.  
I knew it by the folding, and the way  
In which she carried it to her heart, thus ;  
And the address turned inside, lest a scholar  
Should read her sweetheart's name upon the cover.

*Ra.* Come, Gregory, or master will be angry.

*Gre.* Well, now, I'll tell you about pretty Phoebe.

[*Exeunt RALPH and GREGORY.*]

*Sir E.* So, it is true then, but this lucky quarrel.  
" A follower of the Duke of Buckingham  
" Wounded severely, and a large reward  
" Proclaimed for the apprehension of the offender."  
I thank thee, thou dost still befriend me, Fortune !  
He will not now dare to declare himself,  
And if he should. But no, no, he'll not do it.  
And can I but succeed to wed my Eleanor,  
I may perhaps—— But softly, some one knocks.

*Enter HUBERT FALCONER and RACHÈL.*

*Ra.* [*After a pause.*] Is't to Sir Edward Falconer I speak ?

*Sir E.* I claim that name, failing a better, lady.

*Hu.* [*Aside and apart.*] It is an honest name ; who needs a better ?

Unless it have lost something in your keeping.

Why does she pause ?

*Sir E.* Fair maiden, wherefore tremble !

[*RACHEL kneeling.*

Nay ! not to me this reverence.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*]

He looks

With gentleness and kindness now upon her ;

It is the very brother of my youth :

Oh ! I did sin to doubt him ; I will fall

Upon his neck and tell him all ; but stay.

*Ra.* Pardon me, sir, I did but offer now  
The sign of duty which I justly owe you :  
My father's brother sure may claim no less.

*Sir E.* My brother ! say you ? how ? my brother's child ?

*Ra.* Himself a fugitive, his only child  
Now comes to ask protection of her uncle.

*Sir E.* But this surprises me.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] It is not joy.

*Sir E.* I had forgot—that is—I never heard,  
I mean—I mean—I knew not he e'er married.  
[*Aside.*] This will spoil all ; so near and to be dashed.

*Ra.* I trust that, as your niece, I shall not lack  
The kindness, sir, that but now to a stranger  
You seemed about to proffer.

*Sir E.*

Surely not.

Forgive me, if, at first, astonishment  
Robbed thee of half thy welcome,  
Wilt thou command thy servant leave the room,  
I would be private with thee, my dear niece.

*Ra.* He is the truest friend I have on earth ;  
I have no secret that he may not share.

*Hu.* She says well, sir, and truly. I stay here ;  
If you mean well, I'll help you, and not hinder.

*Sir E.* What should I mean but well ?

*Hu.* Nay, that I know not.

[*Aside.*] I like not that uneasy look, though, brother ;  
There's treachery in that smile. I fear, I fear.

*Sir E.* What is your name, girl ?

*Ra.* Rachel, sir.

*Sir E.* Our mother's !

[*Walks up the stage speaking to himself.*

That she should come at such a time as this,  
I know not what to do. It is too hard ;  
It is too hard a trial. All my labours  
To free the estate from its incumbrances.  
And then, my daughter's marriage. Should the earl  
But hear a rumour, he will break it off.

*Ra.* You seem, sir, much engaged.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] With ill, I fear.

*Sir E.* Nay, is it strange ? But is the story true,  
My brother has returned to England,  
And in some desp'rate brawl severely wounded  
A follower of the Duke of Buckingham ?

*Ra.* It is too true, and he is forced conceal himself  
Until the noise of it be overblown.

*Sir E.* But whither should my brother flee for shelter  
If not to me? In this he wrongs my love.

*Hu.* Perhaps he wished not you should share his  
danger;

And, besides that, sir, Hubert Falconer  
So seldom lets another trace his motives  
I can assign no reason, nor my lady.

*Ra.* But, meanwhile, uncle, though I do not ask  
All that my father may in justice claim,  
An uncle's home and heart are surely mine.

*Hu.* And liberal maintenance, and recognition,  
And all befitting to thy brother's daughter,  
The rightful owner of these broad domains.

*Sir E.* Softly, softly,  
Most trooper-like, and trumpet-talking gentleman,  
I must first have good proofs. Can you afford them?

*Ra.* My father would have needed none. For me,  
I have been held so like him, that, perhaps,  
My features, and this ancient family ring——

*Sir E.* Jewels are bought, and sold, and lost, and found,  
And likenesses were ne'er received as evidence  
That I have heard, in any court of justice.

*Hu.* You are a villain.

*Sir E.* Be advised, old man.

*Hu.* You are a villain.

*Sir E.* Know you who I am?



*Hu.* I've said what, twice, already.

*Ra.* Patience, patience.

*Sir E.* The round-house shall instruct him in it.

*Hu.* Nay,

You'd not so treat your brother's faithful follower.

It may not be your interest to misuse me.

*Sir E.* [*Aside.*] What does he mean by that? There is somewhat

Of hidden meaning in this fellow's face.

I'll take a time to speak with him alone.

Lady, this is a strange story you have told ;

It may be true or not, but till I have

Some better proof than mere asseveration,

I must hold off, and think you but a stranger.

And, as at this time I expect some guests

Of mark and note, I must now crave your absence.

*Hu.* You will not, surely, thrust us from your doors :

Consider, sir, she is your brother's child ;

Think on how near and dear a brother is ;

To whom else can she look, if not to thee—

Think that in me thy brother speaks to thee—

The brother, the loved brother of thy youth.

This hand is far too delicate for labour.

Thou wouldst not want should feed upon that cheek,

So smooth and fair as 'tis. Not a flower

Is sweeter to the sense ; nor in its bosom

The drop the morning leaves is half so pure

As the pure soul that there hath made its mansion.

These graces, and these virtues, of themselves  
Would wake a stranger's fondness ; what love then  
An uncle should bestow.

*Sir E.* When you can prove  
That I am so, I will exhibit it ;  
Till then, again I must desire your absence,  
And warn you, also, as a magistrate  
I cannot suffer in my jurisdiction  
Suspicious characters ; and would advise you——

*Hu.* Fierce curses catch thee ! Lady, come away !

[*Exeunt HUBERT and RACHEL hastily.*]

*Sir E.* Ralph !

*Enter RALPH.*

Run quickly after yonder serving-man,  
And whisper in his ear, I'd speak with him ;  
Do it, observe me, privately, and quickly.

[*Exit RALPH.*]

He does not wear an open face, and such  
Are mostly knaves ; and yet his earnest language  
Would argue him as faithful ; but he's poor.  
He has the air, too, of a gentleman.  
A servant's place. But what am I about ?  
And whither am I falling I should need  
Base instruments to work with ? Let me think.  
I hitherto have stood well with the world ;  
If somewhat rigidly I have exacted  
The uttermost of my right, I never yet  
Was taxed with doing wrong to any man.

And now—and now, shall I become a robber?  
And from my brother's child, too? And yet how  
Am I assured she is so? If she be,  
Hereafter I have power to do her justice.  
And then my Eleanor, my lovely Eleanor,  
Reason and nature bid me care for her.  
Hither comes Ralph, with him the follower  
Of my fair would-be niece. I'll meet him outside.  
[Exit SIR EDWARD.]

---

SCENE III.—*The open country.* RACHEL alone.

Ra. Would he were here. I trust that it bodes good  
My uncle should recall him. How I long  
To know the event. Hark! is not that a footstep?  
[Enter LORD COURTTOWN.]

Ah me! it is a stranger.

Lord C. Pretty maiden,  
Art waiting for thy lover? No reply?  
Be not ashamed of it, nor turn away  
To hide those pretty blushes; for I guess  
That thou dost blush, and swear thou blushest prettily.  
[RACHEL is going, he intercepts her.]

Ra. Hinder me not, sir.

Lord C. Nay, nay, pretty one.

Ra. I shall not long, sir, be without protection.

And, if, indeed, you be a gentleman,  
You will not now act otherwise than if  
A thousand stood beside me.

*Lord C.* Oh ! I love  
To see a pretty woman in a passion.  
Whip me with roses, furious butterfly !  
Nay, prithee speak, although it be in anger.  
Would pretty preachers, such as thou, hold forth,  
'Slife, wisdom would I think become the mode,  
And Folly then might jangle as she would  
Her merry bells, and yet none think it music.

*Ra.* You love to hear yourself talk, sir, it would seem.

*Lord C.* I had much rather listen to thee, pretty one.  
Now, pray consider, if such power be  
But in thy words alone, what were not wrought  
If those two lips (where, as on some fair altar  
Love's offerings should be placed) if those two lips  
(Which give thy speech in passing over them  
Such sweetness as the summer's breath inhales  
From out the rose's bosom), if those lips  
Would but apply them to their proper uses,  
And wreathed in smiles, breaking, like light at morning,  
Would fall to mingling kisses with persuasion.

*Ra.* Are you of the Court, sir ?

*Lord C.* I belong to it.  
But ne'er so earnest a suitor was, as now.

*Ra.* Your eloquence is thrown away on me, sir,  
Pity such pretty things should thus be wasted :

Doubtless thou'lt find, even in these solitudes,  
Some who will value them : to such as these  
Prithee address thyself, and leave me free.

*Lord C.* Nay, you must pay for freedom, pretty one.

*Ra.* Release me, sir ; I am a gentlewoman :  
And will not be insulted with impunity.

*Lord C.* Imagine now all this resistance made :  
'Twill save a deal of time. Nay, do not be  
So very outrageous in thy modesty ;  
One kiss at least will never harm thy virtue :  
'Faith, I could never pass a cherry-tree  
But I must bob at the delicious fruit.

*YOUNG HERBERT, who has entered unperceived, interposes.*

*Y. Her.* But sometimes it has set your teeth on edge,  
And may again.

*Lord C.* Why, who the devil are you ?

*Y. Her.* One Francis Herbert, English gentleman ;  
Who in that title knows himself no second  
To any he on earth.

*Lord C.* Well, Francis Herbert, English gentleman,  
What may your pleasure be ? It suits not mine  
To hold here parley with your burly worship.

*Ra.* Protect me, sir, from this licentious man.

*Y. Her.* There did not need this earnest adjuration ;  
I heard a gentle voice ring loud in anger,  
And hastened hither. Prithee, sir, be packing.

*Lord C.* Insolent groom ! although thou art unworthy  
To cross swords with a man of quality,  
Anger has beaten down the broad distinction——

[*Drawing.*

*Y. Her.* Let anger build it up then, or go cool himself.

*Lord C.* Thou fearest ? Ay ?

*Y. Her.* Not I, I fear not man,  
And who may you be I should tremble at ?

*Lord C.* Courttown my name is, and an English  
baron.

*Y. Her.* I'm sorry for it ; it is such as you  
That scandalise our pure nobility :  
'Tis such as you poison and barb the arrows  
That the ill-judging and the bad let fly  
At all that is most worthy love and reverence.  
You've been a traveller, too, as I have heard ;  
One of the many circulating libels  
Upon our island character, who make it  
Hateful abroad for supercilious pride,  
And return home laden with foreign follies  
(As if our own land did not grow enough)  
To lay out all their little stock of wit  
In scoffing at the manners, tastes, and customs,  
The talents, and the virtues of the country  
They should be ever ready to defend  
With heart, tongue, pen, and sword.

*Ra.* How nobly he talks.

*Lord C.* A very rustic satirist, on my life !

You have a tongue to say uncivil things,  
Have you a heart and sword that dare avouch them ?

*Y. Her.* I wear a sword : 'tis for my country's service,  
Would but her rulers call it forth to use.  
But for my life, I hold it far too worthy  
To throw away in any private brawl  
With such as thee.

*Lord C.* Then leave the lady, rustic.

*Y. Her.* Nay, lord, I said not that.

*Lord C.* Defend thyself, then :

Or, as I am a gentleman, I'll slay thee :  
And with as small remorse as e'er thy sire  
Knocked down a bullock ; for I will not take  
The word of such a talker as thyself,  
That gives thee out to be a gentleman,  
Who shunnest a fair quarrel.

*Y. Her.* Sir, your taunts,  
Which I despise, move not my even temper :  
But in my own defence, in the good cause  
Of one who needs my aid, my sword I draw  
And mean to use it. Now then, sir, have at ye—  
Look well I pray to your embroidery,  
Or I may spoil your doublet.

*Lord C.* Come on, come on.

[*They fight.*

*Ra.* Ah me ! there will be bloodshed. Gentlemen,  
I pray you, cease your strife. Help, murder, help !  
My lord, forbear to urge in just defence

A man to take thy life. Nor take thou his  
Who strikes for the defenceless. They don't heed me——

*Enter OLD HERBERT.*

*O. Her.* Why, what on earth's the cause of all this  
clamour ?

Ho ! fighting ! and a petticoat to boot !

*Ra.* Heaven be praised ; pray, sir, make in and part  
them :

*O. Her.* Part fiddlesticks——

*Ra.* There will be murder, sir :

*O. Her.* Fore gad ! why, it is Frank : oh ! the sly dog.

*Ra.* You seem to know him ; stand not idle, sir.

*O. Her.* I ought to know him, though the proverb  
doubts ;

But never fear : I taught him use the rapier :

Yet yonder trim fantastic knows the fence, too :

It were a pity now to spoil the game :—

Ha ! well put in, Frank ; now then—now thou hast him !

Up in the air, by old Oliver's bottle nose.

[*COURTOWN is disarmed.*]

*Lord C.* I am without defence, but scorn thy mercy :  
Do as thou wilt.

*Y. Her.* Take your life, and may you  
Draw sword next time, sir, in a better quarrel,  
And better may it stead you.

*Lord C.*

Sir, I thank you,



And crave forgiveness for the unworthy words  
My anger put upon you. To this lady,  
I know not what to say.

*O. Her.* Say nothing, then,  
For there has been enough said, quite, about it :  
Cannot two gentlemen fall out, and having  
Decided then like gentlemen their quarrel,  
Without palavering apologies,  
Put up and part as friends ; or better yet,  
Wash away all unkindness in a bottle ?

*Enter FRIBBLE.*

*Frib.* My lord, your lordship's presence is much longed  
for :

Your lordship's absence is, my lord, much wondered at.  
The noble lord, your noble lordship's father,  
Sent me to seek your lordship and to pray  
Your lordship to his lordship, would my lord——

*O. Her.* Good Lord ! good Lord ! good Lord !  
How many lords, I wonder, may there be ?  
This fellow's father was a parrot, sure,  
Hanging up near the House of Parliament,  
Who only learnt the two words, lord and lordship.

*Lord C.* Where stays my father, sir ?

*Frib.* My lord, his lordship——

*Lord C.* For heaven's sake, Fribble, make me not  
ridiculous.

Answer me in two words :

*Frib.* My lord, his lordship—  
Waits at the Lord's Head :

*Lord C.* Go you before, then,  
And tell him that I come.

[*Exit FRIBBLE.*

*Lord C.* Your servant, madam ; gentlemen, farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Ra.* Sir, I do pray thee  
Not count me as ungrateful, for I have not  
Thanked, nor can thank thee as I feel I should.

*O. Her.* Thankful and ungrateful ? what's all this about ?  
What mighty cause for all this gratitude ?  
That he has had a pretty bit of sword play ?  
Why 'tis the finest thing on earth, young lady,  
To keep a man's soul from rusting in his body,  
His blood pure, and his appetite brisk for dinner.

*Y. Her.* Lady, the trifling service I have rendered thee.

*O. Her.* Come, let's have no more speeches ; you're a  
ninny,

Or you ere this would have made offer of  
Your arm to this young lady, and have seen her  
Safe to her home ; now then, I seize the spoil.  
Wilt take an old man's, lady ? Sure I thought  
I knew each pair of bright eyes and fair cheeks  
For many a mile around. May I enquire  
Your home and name ?

*Ra.* I'm Rachel Falconer,  
The daughter of the absent Hubert Falconer,

By ill chance still compelled to be a wanderer.  
This morning to my uncle I made known  
My name and claim, and met but cold reception.

*O. Her.* Oh ! the villain !

*Y. Her.* But you shall not want friends,  
Who will compel your uncle do you justice.

*O. Her.* No more she shall ; spoke like a lad of spirit.  
I'll go and fight him myself.

*Y. Her.* Sir, milder measures  
Might serve the lady better.

*O. Her.* Pshaw ! mild measures !  
The devil fly away with all mild measures.  
But maybe you are right. Till this be settled  
You shall not want a home while I've a house  
To cover my old head. I knew your grandsire ;  
At Naseby and Edgehill we fought together.  
My name is Herbert, old Sir Philip Herbert.

*Ra.* I oft have heard my father mention it.

*O. Her.* Ay, ay : but now 'tis dinner-time ; come then  
And let us talk about it afterwards.

*Ra.* I wait here now, sir, the return of one  
Who has been a faithful follower of my fortunes,  
And whom my uncle summoned back again  
Into his presence after I had left him :  
And hither, sir, he comes.

*O. Her.* Well, we will leave you  
To hear in private how he may have sped.  
You see my old hall in the distance there,

Beyond the oak plantation find your way there ;  
'Tis your home, lady, while you've need of one ;  
Come, Frank, you dog ; come, Frank, no tête-à-tête,  
As modern coxcombs call it.

*Y. Her.*

Farewell, lady,

For a brief space, I trust.

*Ra.* Kind friends, good friends, for a brief space farewell.

[*Exeunt the two HERBERTS.*]

*Enter HUBERT FALCONER.*

*Hu.* Rachel, my child, all will be well ; this brother  
Will run his head into a noose will hold him :  
He sent for me to bribe me, Rachel ; see !

[*Showing money.*]

This is the price for which he thinks I've sold thee :  
This, and the honourable office, too,  
Of secretary, private secretary,  
He has conferred upon me ; being so,  
I cannot fail to learn of his affairs  
Enough to make us even. Plots there have been,  
Though he's a prudent man ; yet men do say——

*Ra.* Father, I do not like this secret course ;  
This treacherous crooked course. Father, beware  
How you do aught that men should have occasion  
To say (and, what is more, deservedly)  
We're fall'n alike in fortune and in honour.

*Hu.* Tush, Rachel, tush ; you are a simple girl :

Has he not power, and does he scruple use  
Base means to hold that which is not his right  
And shall I sermonise and cavil over  
The means that Providence itself would seem  
To put into my hand ?

*Ra.* I like it not.

But I have much to tell thee ; walk this way. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in the House of* SIR EDWARD  
FALCONER.

SIR EDWARD FALCONER, EARL COURTOWN, LORD COURTOWN,  
FRIBBLE, and GUESTS, ATTENDANTS, etc.

*Sir E.* To offer to your lordship a poor welcome  
With my short-coming tongue were sure superfluous ;  
Myself, my all, are precious, or but worthless,  
As you, my lord, esteem them.

*Earl C.* Thanks, Sir Edward ;  
Closer we trust to draw the friendly bands,  
Which at some distance have connected us.  
Permit me, sir, present my son to you,  
Heir of th' ancientest earldom in the land ;  
Quite the young courtier.

*Sir E.* I perceive it, sir.  
Young gentleman, I'm honoured in your presence.

*Lord C.* I do salute your hand most reverently,  
And will, sir, strive to match my poor deservings  
With your exceeding and abounding courtesy.

*Earl C.* A good address, sir.

*Sir E.* Excellent, my lord.

*Earl C.* I am his father, therefore should not boast ;  
Has he not a rare fashion in his garments ?  
He's high in favour, I assure you, sir,  
With all our gay court beauties. I have heard  
Your daughter's beauty much commended, too ;  
They'll be a handsome couple.

*Sir E.* I trust, my lord, her beauty and her wit  
Make her fit match for e'en your lordship's son.  
And for her dowry I have wealth to win  
A ducal coronet as a bridal present,  
And means sufficient for its maintenance.  
Although but young she hath had many suitors,  
But yet hath stooped to none.

*Earl C.* She hath some pride, then.

*Sir E.* Envy might pronounce her  
As somewhat overweening of her beauty.

*Earl C.* She shall be so the fitter for a Courttown ;  
Pride is a grace, Sir Edward, in nobility.

*Lord C.* [*Aside.*] A graceful man my reverend father, then.

*Sir E.* Why stays my daughter ? Bid thy mistress  
hither.

*Servant.* She bade me say, if she were asked for, sir,  
This day she purposed not to leave her chamber.

*Sir E.* How! is she ill?

*Servant.* No, sir, but indisposed for company.

*Earl C.* This shows but scant respect.

*Sir E.* Conceive it not so;

She doth not know perhaps of your arrival:

[*Aside.*] Her foolish pride to thwart me.

*Earl C.* Sir, an earl, sir.

*Sir E.* Nay.

[EARL COURTOWN and SIR EDWARD FALCONER  
converse apart.]

*Lord C.* This pastorelle seems somewhat whimsical.

*Frib.* Very, my lord; to slight your lordship! La!

*Lord C.* A rustic beauty. Very proud no doubt

Of being first to wear the London fashions,

Dazzling her neighbours, charming the strange creatures

Who spend their lives in chasing animals

Superior to themselves, and in their cups

Roar out, "A buxom wench, let's drink her health."

Comely but coarse, and ruddy and robust.

*Frib.* Red elbows.

*Lord C.* And thick ankles.

*Frib.* For her face——

*Lord C.* A country dish, cream-cheese and radishes.

*Frib.* My lord, I wish you joy of your *fiancée*.

*Lord C.* Wedlock's, you know, a ceremony, Fribble,

That men of rank and family, like myself,

Are bound to undergo, and thus provide

An heir legitimate to our name and honours—  
This is the soundest reason e'er assigned  
For hymeneal fetters, and our class,  
Clearly the highest of the wedding public.  
The next's a herd of romping boys and girls,  
Whom prudent parents get a grace said over  
At a ripe age ; just as men worm their puppies,  
And ring their pigs, to keep them out of mischief.  
I understand there is another class  
(I speak from hearsay, not from observation,  
They're all plebeians) who have horrid notions  
Of duty, constancy, et cetera,  
Make it their boast they do not feel their fetters,  
And that the infatuation lasts for life :  
These marry from pure liking.

*Frib.*

Did your lordship

Ever behold two perfect specimens ?

*Lord C.*

No, never full-grown ones.

*Earl C.* 'Tis very well, sir, I have heard you out ;  
But yet, I think, sir, as I thought before,  
As I must always think.

*Sir E. [Aside.]*

This silly pride.

Hither, my lord, she comes :

*Earl C.*

Yes, sir, at last, but, sir.

*Lord C.* A most Protean variability.

At least she has the elements of fashion :  
By all that's beautiful, a dainty creature !



*Enter ELEANOR.*

*Frib.* How like you now cream-cheese and radishes ?

*Sir E.* My daughter Eleanor, my lord.

*Earl C.* I am glad,

Fair lady, you have favoured us thus much.

Permit me introduce to you my son.

*Lord C.* Madam, I am your most poor servitor.

*El.* I should lack courtesy, should I say less

Than that I thank you : you are welcome all.

*Earl C.* She has a proud look, but my son shall tame her.

*Sir E.* I doubt it not, my lord.

*Earl C.* A beauteous lady.

*Sir E.* Transplanted to the Court——

*Earl C.* Sir, she will grace it,

And the name of Courttown.

[*Aside.*] A queen might wear those jewels.

*Sir E.* My lord, wilt please you walk through my poor grounds ?

*Earl C.* 'Twill gratify me much to view them, sir.

*Sir E.* Entertain, daughter, this young gentleman

Till we return.

*Earl C.* Your graces, all your graces,

Look at her jewels, think of her plantations.

Show us the road, Sir Edward.

[*Exeunt* EARL COURTTOWN, SIR EDWARD, and FRIBBLE.

*Lord C.* She's rich and handsome, and she shall be noble.

[*Admiring himself before a mirror.*



My father bade me entertain your lordship :  
I fear I lack the power. Indeed, I think  
Mine may be fitly called the entertainment.  
Court modes are new to country beauties, sir.  
We have been thought worthy a gentleman's notice ;  
Now, lest I interrupt your pleasing studies,  
I take my leave [Going.

Lord C. [*Suddenly starting up.*] Stay, lovely shepherdess,  
I prithee stay ;  
From these poor eyes take not their light away.

El. Hast thou been cudgelling thy brains so long  
To bring forth such a halting bit of song ?  
Thou didst not use the light while it was day,  
Why then complain of its departing ray ?  
You see, sir, I can rhyme as well as you.

Lord C. Rapt in the contemplation of thy beauties——

El. Night is the season, sir, for contemplation,  
And so thy light will now withdraw itself :  
Employ the hour well ; the weighty matter  
Is yet to be determined as I think  
Whether the tailor when he placed that rose  
Got the fit latitude and longitude,  
And all with mathematical precision.

Lord C. [*Aside.*] So I have touched your vanity then, madam ;  
[*To her.*] Fair Pastorella, be not so severe.

El. Marry forefend, my lord, I have been taught  
To feel compassion for infirmity.

*Lord C.* 'Tis a good rule, and there's a saying, too,  
Gentleness graces woman.

*El.*

Very true, sir ;

But when stout Hercules deigns ply the distaff,  
If Omphale should rate him, where's the wonder ?

*Lord C.* There's mettle in this girl.

[*Aside.*

Why to say truth and lay aside these phrases  
Of which, as I'm a gentleman, I weary,  
Forgive me, if, in ceremonious courtesy,  
I do not speak like Lancelot du Lac.

*El.* Assure yourself, my lord, I've seen enough  
Of the Court graces, for this time, at least ;  
When I am dying quite of weariness  
Of the rough disposition of the country,  
I'll come to you and beg a compliment ;  
But will not too much tax your chivalry.

*Lord C.* Well, truly chivalry is out of fashion.  
I, who have studied in our Charles's Court,  
And racketed with Rochester and Sedley,  
May claim some little knowledge of the mode ;  
And I do now assure you on my honour,  
It is the most, most ill-bred thing on earth  
To woo now in the old fantastic fashion  
Of ceremonious duty and observance.

*El.* [*Aside.*] This folly is but picked up surely, he  
Seems even to deride it in the utterance.

*Lord C.* The first of virtues is gentility,

In fact it is the very soul, the essence,  
The sublimation, lady, of them all.

*El.* Sir, I have heard, a marriage to be happy  
The parties should be equal : I can never  
Be mate for such a courtly gentleman.  
Over the high realms of gentility  
Fashion sits throned, you say ; I bow not to her ;  
So, being of different faith and diverse feeling,  
I here at once release you from the engagement  
Our fathers long have formed. I take my leave.  
Farewell, sweet lord.

*Lord C.*

And fare thee well, proud lady.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Servants' Hall at Sir Edward Falconer's.*

STEWARD, COOK, GREGORY, RALPH.

*Gre.* There's nothing goes now as it used to do ;  
No, nothing.

*Ral.* That's too true.

*Cook.* For twenty years here have I ruled the roast,  
And now I'm meddled with, and by a Frenchman ;  
This skipjack that the earl has brought from London,  
Who never saw an honest joint of meat  
Before he came to England.

*Ral.*

Very true.

*Cook.* Why cannot gentlefolks content themselves  
To eat their meat in the fashion of their fathers,  
What good do kickshaws ever do a man ?  
A Frenchman never grows above five feet.

*Ral.* That's sure and certain, Master Cook, that is.*Stew.* And there are worse things.*Gre.*

Yes, indeed there are.

His lorship's valet, I'm a modest man,  
But, as you know, a kind of favourite  
Among the wenches, in a proper way, Steward.  
But though I make them now the prettiest speeches,  
And though I dress me in my scarlet hose  
(And there is nothing elevates a man  
So much as good apparel, and the thought of it),  
There's not a maid, from lady's own to dairy,  
Will listen to me now, and smile, and so forth.  
Oh no, Lord Courttown's serving man's the mode,  
And any handsome Englishman may jog.

*Stew.* You interrupt. I was about to observe  
That we have greater grievances than these.  
What do you say now of this Master Cecil ?  
Who's risen so suddenly and high in favour,  
Trampling, as I may say, o'er honest heads  
That have grown gray in service.

*Gre.*

Mine's not gray.

*Stew.* The tenants now don't pay to me their rents,  
Nor beg for the renewal of their leases

Under the favour of good Master Steward.

Oh no, the Secretary is the man.

My friends, I say, I think no good of him.

*Gre.* He's civil enough.

*Stew.*

But holds his head too high,

Silent, and haughty like. I shouldn't wonder

Were he to prove a Papist in disguise.

*Gre.* He may or may not be.

*Ral.*

Oh, do you think so?

*Stew.* He's always staring in the gallery yonder,  
Among the family pictures ; and that one  
Of our present master and his runaway brother,  
Taken when they were schoolboys—I have seen him  
Stand gazing at it by the hour together.  
I caught him doing so two days ago,  
And when he saw me he looked guilty like.  
But, Gregory, tell us now about the marriage ;  
You're in the secret, for the maid must know  
Her mistress's, and you, of course, the maid's.

*Gre.* Perhaps I may be, Steward ; but honour, honour.  
Yet I may say among friends, I am informed,  
Although they came almost nigh fighting,  
So scornful she, and he so—*nonchalant*——

*Cook.* Come, come, no French ; we have too much of that.

*Gre.* Just as you please, sir ; but I've information  
They're more disposed to draw together now,  
And lovers' quarrels easily are made up ;  
So without doubt we soon shall have a wedding.

*Ral.* And we be quit of all the interlopers,  
For sure they will to London when they're married,  
And leave us all to our old-fashioned ways.

*Stew.* Well, joy go with them, heartily, I say.  
She's a brave lady, and he open-handed ;  
Rides well, shoots straight, and so forth. Let us go  
And drink their healths, by favour of the butler,  
In a good cup of the rare old October.

*Cook.* Ale is a comforter.

*All.* Ay, ay, good Steward.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—*Chamber in Falconer Castle. ELEANOR alone.*

*Enter LORD COURTTOWN.*

*Lord C.* I would not willingly intrude upon you  
My undesired presence ; but my honour  
As well as yours (I speak it plainly, madam)  
Demand we understand each other perfectly.

*El.* Sir, certainly ; it is my wish we should.

[*Aside.*] How much his manner's changed ; 'tis assumed  
calmness.

*Lord C.* Then, madam, as I think, it is your wish  
The contract by our fathers made should be  
No further prosecuted. You are silent.

*El.* I think I said so.

*Lord C.* If it be so, then,



I will not be a hindrance to your wishes,  
Whate'er the sacrifice may cost myself.

*El.* [*Aside.*] Surely he loves me. What am I about?  
I do not love him, do I?—and yet, now——

*Lord C.* Eleanor—forgive the familiar word—  
Do not so scorn me as to send me hence,  
Although I be not worthy your affection,  
Without one parting word.

*El.* [*Aside.*] Can this man be  
The same, and yet so different?

*Lord C.* You wonder,  
And well you may, to hear me speak as now  
Sincerity and duteous love compel,  
Showing so different from my former self :  
But surely, lady, I must hate the folly  
Which lost me you.

*El.* [*After a pause.*] Sir, you were speaking, sir.

*Lord C.* I have said now all that I dare to say ;  
And do but linger here as memory  
Ghost-like will watch where all its wealth lies hidden.

*El.* [*Aside.*] Oh ! I could love him, if this would but last.  
But is it a real change ? I'll try him. Sir,  
Will you be pleased to listen while I sketch  
That which you seemed to me when first we met ?

*Lord C.* Do it in mercy, lady, and thy tongue  
Shall give a melody to that which else  
Were a rough theme indeed.

*El.* I'll do it truly :

First, for your person, sir ;  
Considering who it was that fashioned it  
I will say naught, but it had need be excellent  
To make amends for all the care and cost  
That you bestow on the adornment of it.  
Your person and your dress (important things)  
Disposed of thus, we come next to your mind.  
I know 'tis not expected of a gentleman  
In these days to have learning : 'tis enough  
To shine at court, to be acquainted with  
The newest, most unmeaning foreign phrases ;  
To have a kind of glittering false wit,  
That's always ready with an empty laugh  
At modest merit and integrity,  
That scorn the base and tortuous path that now  
Alone leads up to honour.  
These are the graces, talents, qualities  
Which now make up the perfect gentleman ;  
And these you seemed to have : but truth bids add,  
E'en when I liked you least, I thought I saw  
Sparks of a better spirit, showing 'twas  
Only a foolish garment, worn in fashion,  
This now, I see, I trust, your proper dress.

*Lord C.* Lady, I fear the glass is far too faithful  
That you have held up to me, but to prove  
Your favourable thoughts not unprophetical,  
I here put off my follies, and dare be  
That which my better self hath often prompted :

Will thou forgive me, Eleanor, if now  
I speak my true mind frankly.

*El.*

Sir, I listen.

*Lord C.* I see in thee a lady rich in beauty,  
One upon whom Fortune's full beams have rested,  
Till they at length too much have sunned the fruit.  
Thy father's doting fondness has endowed thee  
With all the graces and accomplishments  
Which can adorn a woman ; and yet these  
(Be not offended, true love is plain spoken)  
Should be like gems set in the richest gold,  
Not spangles stuck upon a tawdry dress ;  
And all the art that has been lavished on thee,  
And all the wealth Nature has stored thee with,  
Almost do grow to faults by the proud spirit  
Which sets by far too high a value on them,  
And makes thee sniff with such complacency  
The servile adulation that is paid thee ;  
And makes thee grow so proud of that frail beauty,  
That sickness in a week may rob thee of ;  
Or, at the best, can only hold out, lady,  
A few brief years : then, Eleanor, bethink thee,  
When those sweet dimples are in wrinkles lost,  
And when those lips which sweetly kiss each other,  
Shall lose their freshness, and upon those cherries  
Smiles, sunshine-like, to charm no more shall hover ;  
In that sad wintry time, bethink thee, lady,  
If thine affections have no faithful stay,

No resting-place, they'll turn to gall within thee,  
At thought of all the blessings thou didst dash,  
When he who loved thee well, and loves thee truly,  
Knelt at thy feet as now he does.

*El.*

You take

A strange way surely to a lady's favour ;  
To tell her of her faults, and all so roundly.

*Lord C.* You look upon me, and 'tis not with anger.

I never felt till now a worthy love ;  
And worthily it has wrought within my bosom ;  
It has taught me see my faults, blush for them seen,  
And so resolve to amend them. Be but thou,  
Who wert my good inspirer, guerdon too.

*El.* I will not be outdone in candour, sir,  
And so will own thy portrait justly limned,  
But I will strive to make it every day  
Less and less like : and here, sir, is my hand.  
And now I'll tell you—no, I will not either,  
Lest you grow vain again.

*Enter SIR EDWARD FALCONER and EARL COURTTOWN.*

*Sir E.*

Loving, my lord.

*Earl C.* I thought my son would make the tercel stoop.

*Sir E.* It were a pity she took wing again.

What do you say, my lord, if we at once  
Should celebrate the marriage ?

*Earl C.*

I had wished

To have deferred awhile its solemnisation,

To give more time for state, but that this morn  
I have received tidings of an affair  
Of some importance—one that claims my presence  
As soon as possible in London. [*To his son.*] Sir,  
Have you so well prevailed with the young lady,  
That she will call you husband this same day?

*Lord C.* I trust, sir, that she will not check the joy  
I feel in thinking I possess her love  
By an untimely scruple.

*Sir E.* Oh ! for her  
Pray let her blushes speak ; it were too much  
To look for more than maiden's mute assent.  
Silence, you know, and pretty downcast looks  
To veil the crimsoned cheeks, tell an old story  
That has been conned before our time, my lord.  
Within these two hours shall their hands be joined ;  
And blessings be upon them.

*Lord C.* In her—all.

*Sir E.* Come, daughter, for the last time take my arm :  
You soon shall have a younger one to lean on.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. — *Garden to the Mansion of Sir Philip*  
HERBERT.

YOUNG HERBERT and RACHEL seated in a Summer-house.

*Ra.* I have been taught to speak truth from my cradle,  
But scarce can do so now. I had no heart

If I were not most grateful for the kindnesses  
Yourself and noble father have heaped on me.

*Y. Her.* Pray, lady, name them not.

*Ra.*

It pleases you, sir

(As goodness uses), to forget them all ;  
But I must still acknowledge them, for that  
Is the poor payment I can only render.

*Y. Her.* This is no answer, Rachel, to my suit.

*Ra.* It is not ; yet——

*Y. Her.*

You pause.

*Ra.*

I would not pain you,

And yet, what can I say ? I know full well  
The honour that you do me in your love ;  
But cannot more reply to it than say  
That from my earliest infancy I've had  
No will but through my father ; he away,  
It fits not I speak more.

*Y. Her.*

But, my sweet Rachel,

Your father could not surely but rejoice  
To see you sheltered in a husband's arms,  
A loving husband's, Rachel, from the storms  
Have blown so rudely on you.

*Ra.*

Is it well

To urge me so ? I fear my wishes fight  
Already on your side, and more than that  
I must not say.

*Y. Her.*

Then, Rachel, I may hope ;

Your father's sanction gained, this hand I press

Ever will not so jealously be withdrawn,  
But one day yield it mine. Bless that sweet look !

*Enter* OLD HERBERT.

*O. Her.* Why, Rachel, Frank, why, whither have you got ?  
I see how it is.

*Y. Her.* Have you been seeking me, sir ?

*O. Her.* Yes, marry have I. What, in the name of  
wonder,

Makes you so fond of running up in corners ?

*Y. Her.* I have been seated here, sir.

*O. Her.* Oh ! no doubt ;

And pleasantly employed too. Ay, ay, Frank.

*Y. Her.* Hush, sir, you give her pain ; see how she  
blushes.

*O. Her.* Does she so ? Let me see, my eyes are weak.  
Hold up your head.

*Ra.* Now fie, sir !

*O. Her.* Well, well, well ;

Mind not my jests, I am a rough old man,  
But yet I love you, and will see you righted ;  
At least, I'll strive hard for it, and 'twas that  
That brought me hither now. Go, pretty Rachel,  
And don your out-door dress ; your most kind uncle  
Has now his house, I hear, filled full of company,  
The guests assembled for his daughter's marriage.  
Now is the time we should set up our claim,  
So get you ready, Rachel.

*Ra.* Sir, I put  
Myself into your hands.

*O. Her.* Oh ! do you so ?  
Suppose I turn you over to another :  
What say you, Frank, now, would you undertake ?

*Ra.* When do you set out, sir ?

*O. Her.* Immediately.

*Ra.* I would not press my claim so as to bring  
The public odium on my uncle's name.  
Perhaps some other time.

*O. Her.* You're a good girl,  
A good kind-hearted girl; but you must let  
Old heads deal for you in affairs like these.  
Now is the time ; so get you ready, Rachel ;  
I'll wait on you, and Frank too, unless he  
Should choose to walk in the garden while we go.

[*Exit RACHEL.*]

Of late he has ta'en much to that diversion,  
Though on my life 'tis but when you are there.  
Oh ! she is gone. Come, Frank.

[*Exeunt OLD HERBERT and YOUNG HERBERT.*]

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SCENE IV.—*The open country. Church in the distance.*

*Enter OLD HERBERT, YOUNG HERBERT, and RACHEL.*

*O. Her.* Busy ? Denied ? Has he forgotten me,  
Or does he think that old Sir Philip Herbert



Will dance attendance, like some half-starved poet,  
Or courtier living on a patron's smile ?  
Why, what do I care for his daughter's marriage ?  
By heaven, I'll take my post at the church-door,  
Nor shall the bridal party pass its portal  
Till every groom and lacquey know the story—  
I'll ring it in his ears like an alarm.

*Y. Her.* Good sir, control yourself.

*O. Her.*

No, I will not,

I tell you that I will not. Answer, Rachel :  
Was not your grandsire fast and firm my friend,  
And now you need my aid, shall you not have it ?

*Ra.* Indeed I thank you for the so warm interest  
You feel for one who is almost an orphan.  
But yet he is my father's brother, sir.  
This I cannot forget.

*O. Her.*

Neither will I :

I'll thunder it in his ears, and if he start,  
Soon as his shaking's past, I'll say it again.

*Y. Her.* Now he is but a doubtful enemy,  
Let us not make him a determined one.

*O. Her.* Well, I never did feed on water-gruel ;  
I cannot love with ardour and speak coldly,  
Nor hate with your suavity. No, no :  
I love to tell a rogue I think him one,  
And break his pate if his false tongue deny it.  
And as for you, sir, on my life I cannot  
Conceive from whom you got all this placidity.

*Ra.* I am sure, sir, if your son speaks calmly, yet  
He feels as much and warmly in my cause  
As even yourself ; indeed, indeed he does.

*Y. Her.* Dear Rachel, thanks. Oh ! would that I could  
show

What I would do or suffer but to right thee.

*O. Her.* Why, yes, I think you have the Herbert blood,  
And good discretion too, so after all  
I'll e'en take your advice, and as I'm certain  
I ne'er shall have the patience to speak calmly,  
Why, you shall manage it, Frank, in your own fashion.

*Y. Her.* Hark ! I hear music.

*O. Her.* And it comes this way.

*Ra.* 'Tis, as I think, the marriage procession, sir.

*O. Her.* And here 'twill pass.

*Y. Her.* A few steps let's retire.

*Ra.* What a full moving melody it is ;  
How richly doth it hang upon the breeze ;  
The very leaves that glitter in the sun  
Are quivering as if in sympathy.  
Do you not think angels discourse in music ?

*Y. Her.* I am sure good women do.

*O. Her.* Tush, fiddle-faddle.

'Tis nothing after all but sticks and catgut.

*Y. Her.* Let us draw back

*O. Her.* Well, be it as you will.

*Enter certain, strewing flowers and singing  
Bridal Chorus.*

Strew the flowers thick, the bride's fair feet around ;  
 See now what bliss Love on his votaries showers :  
 Strew, till the fragrant creatures hide the ground,  
 Love's dainty paths are fitly strewn with flowers.  
 The lady lily speaks of bridal fear,  
 The dewdrop on it is her quivering tear ;  
 Then sweeter, fairer, fling the rich red rose,  
 Whose velvet cheek with love's own colour glows :  
     Do not forget  
     Sweet mignonette,  
 Short-lived convolvulus ; and then with these  
 The perfumed jasmine, and the good heart's-ease :  
     Strew all these pretty flowers.

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*Enter the BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM, EARL COURTTOWN, SIR  
EDWARD FALCONER, FRIBBLE, GUESTS, etc.*

*[As they pass, OLD HERBERT and YOUNG HERBERT  
press forward, RACHEL a little behind.]*

*Frib.* Back, personages ; back, press not in here.

*O. Her.* Do you back, jackanapes.

*Frib.*

Pray be not saucy.

*O. Her.* Saucy to thee !

Thou remnant of cast finery, thou courtier,

Whose very soul hangs on thy patron's smile,  
Whose back is bent with bowing, and whose cap  
Is worn out with the doffing. Out of the way !  
Or, if I raise my sword, I'll make thee tremble  
As thou hadst met thy tailor.

*Y. Her.* Our business is of moment, and will not  
Or brook delay, or suffer hinderance.

*Earl. C.* What means this vulgar clamour !

*Frib.* Do you not hear his lordship ?

*Y. Her.* Ay, we hear,  
And also will be heard.

*O. Her.* Ah, well said, Frank.

*Y. Her.* Bear witness, Truth, how much unwillingly  
We interrupt this gentle ceremonial.  
I would not be a rude guest at your bridal,  
Nor would I press in at a time like this,  
Like an ill omen. But of Justice' temple  
The gates should never close, and he enthroned there  
Should have an eye and ear as ever open  
As the Eternal's own.

*Sir E.* What justice seek ye ?  
If 'tis of me you ask it, you shall have it ;  
But now I cannot hearken your complaints.  
On there with the procession

*Y. Her.* Stop, I say ;  
Thou go'st not hence till thou hast heard me out,  
And these thy friends around.

*O. Her.* Well said, again.

*Sir. E.* What mean you? dare you? Take away these people——

*Frib.* Ah! take away these people instantly.

*Y. Her.* Who dares to lift his arm but from his side,  
I'll lop it off as 'twere a bramble twig.

*Lord C.* How are we braved, and shall we tamely bear it?

*Y. Her.* With you, my lord, I now have nought to do.  
Though here we stand but two against your many,  
No living man shall stir from off this spot  
Till we have had full hearing.

*O. Her.* You will find  
The dangles by our side here are no courtiers,  
But truest to their masters when in need;  
And for ourselves, father and son we stand,  
Of the right sort, the English bull-dog breed,  
Hew us to pieces, hack us limb from limb,  
We will not quit our hold.

*Earl C.* Know you who 'tis  
You speak so boldly to?

*Y. Her.* A nobleman,  
And one whose family we would preserve  
From an unworthy union.

*Earl C.* What do you mean?

*Y. Her.* [*Leading RACHEL forward.*] Ask it of yonder  
trembling guilty man,  
With pallid cheek and quivering lip, why 'tis,  
Ask him why 'tis we come.

*Sir E.* And why? and what?

*Y. Her.* Does not thy heart smite now against thy  
    ribs,  
While with choked voice and trembling lips thou  
    askest ?

Sir, look here : dost thou not know these features ?  
Dar'st thou deny them as the living impress,  
Softened to feminine beauty, of thy brother,  
Thy long-lost elder brother ?

*Earl C.* Elder brother !

*Y. Her.* Wouldst thou dare stand and by the altar's  
    side—

The sacred altar's side—implore a blessing  
Upon thine own child, doing yet such wrong  
Unto thy brother's ? Oh, remember, sir !  
He builds on worse than sand who builds on wrong !

*Lord C.* But wherefore should this hinder  
The marriage ceremonial ?

*El.* Sir, forgive me :  
I would not have you wed to my necessities,  
And will not come a beggar to your arms.  
This hand shall still remain a virgin hand,  
Till all this be cleared up : and good, my father,  
If it be truth this gentleman has said,  
If honesty demand that we resign  
Our riches and our state, and I with these,  
The loving hopes which this morn blossomed round me,  
Why let us do it—let us strive to show  
A mind above such things, but let us not,

To save our fortune, lose our honest name ;  
Let not thy child blush when she calls thee father.

*Ra.* Alas ! poor lady !

*Lord C.* Oh most noble spirit !

How excellent this shows ! how does she rise

Superior to adverse circumstance !

Which only sets her off like the rich train

Of clouds that wait upon the setting sun.

*Earl C.* Sir Edward, we would hear from your own lips  
Your explanation.

*Sir E.* You, my lord, shall have it.

All that this gentleman has said may be

Most eloquent ; and more, it may be true.

And this young lady may, for ought I know,

Be, as she says, my niece, and so the child

Even of my elder brother. What of that ?

It does not strip me yet of my estate,

For that do I hold by my father's will.

*Y. Her.* His will !

*Frib.* Ay, certainly, young gentleman.

*O. Her.* And why the devil didn't you say this before ?

*Sir. E.* I am not bound, I think, to show my title  
To every inquirer.

*O. Her.* [*Aside.*] A lie ;

A wicked lie, as I'm a living sinner.

*Sir E.* You look astonished, and you may be so ;  
But, if you'll grant me till to-morrow, gentlemen,  
I'll prove my words true.

*Earl C.* I rejoice to hear it ;  
But, until then, we must defer the marriage.

[*Exeunt* OLD HERBERT, YOUNG HERBERT, and  
RACHEL *at one door.* EARL COURTOWN  
*and others on the opposite side.*

[*SIR EDWARD FALCONER beckons a Servant.*

*Sir E.* Go, bid my secretary, Mr. Cecil,  
Attend me in my study instantly.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—*The Study of Sir Edward Falconer.*

*SIR EDWARD FALCONER alone.*

*Sir E.* Oh, I am lost, beyond redemption lost ;  
There is no other way, and that involves  
Such peril that I tremble but to think of it :  
Yet, what else can I do ? Can I bear see  
My daughter, from the pinnacle of happiness,  
Hurled into lowest want ? This marriage too,  
I have so toiled for, shamefully broke off,  
And stand before the world a branded liar ?  
This Cecil, can I trust him ? yet what else ?  
He is a moody disappointed man,  
With thoughts above his present state, and such  
Are ever ready instruments of evil.



*Enter* HUBERT FALCONER.

[*Sir E. starts.*] Ha ! who is there ? Oh Cecil, is it you ?

*Hu.* You sent for me, sir ?

*Sir E.* I would speak with you.

[*A pause.*] Cecil, go shut the door.

*Hu.* It is shut, sir.

*Sir E.* But bolt it, Cecil ; bolt it.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] Whither tends this ?

*Sir E.* Thou art a man that look'st upon the world

With a most curious and observant eye.

Dost thou not, Cecil, see around thee things

Warped as it were from their befitting state

And jarring one another ? Is it right

Yon tottering miser should so grasp his gold,

Gathering it round him with a greedy clutch,

While those poor orphans starve ?—

That vice should be triumphant as it is,

And virtue in the dust ?—that lowly merit

To swaggering insolence should doff the cap ?—

That wealth should buy immunity in wrong,

And poverty be held as foulest sin,

And hunted out of all society ?

*Hu.* But is this so ?

*Sir E.* Thou know'st it is : why dost thou ask the question ?

If men should rank according to deserving,

How many a fool that glistens on its summit

Would grovel in the dust of Fortune's temple ?

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] I will not hold him back nor urge him on ;  
No ! I will not do that. [*Aloud.*] It may be, sir—  
It may be as you say ; but I have heard,  
Those who repine most commonly are those  
Who wanted skill, or steadiness, or courage,  
Or were in some one quality deficient,  
Which should have helped them on.

*Sir E.* The common cant of satisfied prosperity :  
Do we not daily see the wound-scarred veteran  
Displaced by the raw boy ?—the statesman rise  
By base subserviency ?—the lawyer mount  
But by a lying tongue and brazen face ?—  
The wise physician neglected for the quack ?—  
The honest tradesman an insolvent man  
Ev'n while his neighbour cheat is flourishing ?  
Now, Cecil, thou, I take it, art a man  
As worthy Fortune's favours as another,  
And hast seen better days.

*Hu.* I have indeed.

*Sir E.* Then why shouldst thou not strive to rise again ?  
If, as I've said, the world has by its usage  
Deprived thee of thy right, where then the wrong  
If thine own hand should help thee to thine own ?  
Although it be against this harsh world's law,  
Why shouldst thou hesitate to break it when  
Safely and to thine interest thou canst do so ?

*Hu.* Speak thy mind out ; what wouldst thou have  
me do ?

*Sir E.* I bade thee not do anything, did I?

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] His thoughts are evil, by his anxious features  
And eye that seems to fear to raise itself.

[*Aloud.*] What is it thou dost aim at? speak it out.

*Sir E.* But are you sure there are no eavesdroppers?

*Hu.* There is nought human here but you and me.

*Sir E.* Nought human, Cecil; but there is an eye  
Can pierce the ponderous roof above our heads;  
An ear that hearkens through the thickest walls;  
And there's a hand too, to avenge iniquity—  
But far be all these thoughts. Oh! that I had  
The grace to stand, or hardihood to plunge.  
Come nearer, Cecil; and I'll tell thee now—  
But what is that?

*Hu.* Why do you tremble so?

*Sir E.* I thought I felt a breathing close beside me.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] How his soul labours. Nay, 'twas nothing,  
sir.

*Sir E.* Oh what a thing is guilt!

*Hu.* But who is guilty?

*Sir E.* Do you ask who? I, Cecil, it is I.  
I may not be in act, but I soon shall be.  
How you do look upon me—you can't read it;  
Do you see Forgery branded on my features?

*Hu.* Forgery?

*Sir E.* 'Tis out now, and I care not.  
Yes, this must be and through your agency;  
How say you, will you serve me in this business?

Nay, you must swear it, on the instant swear it,  
Or else alive you never quit this place.

[*Showing a pistol.*

*Hu.* Madman—raise not against *me* thy hand.

*Sir E.* Ay, but I will, although thou wert my father !  
Thou know'st too much already, self-defence  
Forbids me that I suffer thee to live,  
Unless thou plungest in this deed as far  
As I who move thee to it : now then, choose.

*Hu.* What would you have me do ?

*Sir E.* Did you not hear me  
Aver but now that by my father's will  
I was entitled to these lands ? 'Twas false ;  
He never left one.

*Hu.* Yet you have engaged——

*Sir E.* To-morrow to produce one, and I will :  
But you must draw, and I will sign it, Cecil.  
How, do you hesitate ?

*Hu.* In this, as in  
All other things, I'll do your utmost pleasure.

*Sir E.* Did I not know thou wouldst, my faithful servant.  
Now must I go and wait upon my guests,  
And hide an anxious heart 'neath a bland smile ;  
But all our pains shall soon rewarded be.  
Only this step, and I am ever free.

[*Exit.*

*Hu.* How strangely all things work together here,  
In what a labyrinth I am involved ;

I feel myself a passive instrument,  
Borne onward by the current of events :  
My course must be to follow out the clue  
That can but lead to fortune.

[*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—SIR EDWARD FALCONER *alone in his Study.*

*Sir E.* They are assembled all, and waiting me ;  
'Twill soon be over, and I free for ever  
From these disquieting fears. Would it were morrow,  
For then it would be done. This rough old knight  
Will easily be deceived, and if he be not,  
I stand so high in favour and authority,  
I do but need a show of right to win.  
But where is Cecil ?

*Enter HUBERT FALCONER, with parchments.*

*Hu.* Here, sir, at your pleasure.

*Sir E.* Oh my good servant, what a treasure art thou !  
And hast thou done it ? Is it all drawn out ?  
In legal form, ha, and in legal phrase ?

*Hu.* It is, sir, but——

*Sir E.* Oh, we will have no buts.

That little word would yesterday have stirred me ;  
But now it seems an age since yestermorn ;  
And I have thought so much and fixedly  
Upon this deed that it hath lost its terrors ;  
And I have longed, longed, Cecil, for this hour.  
Give me the will, and when I have perused it  
I'll put my name to it ; it is but signing  
My own name, you know, Cecil ; for my brother,  
Although the elder, was a weakly child,  
And so received not th' old family name.  
Give me the deed, good Cecil. You have two ;  
What is the other ?

*Hu.* Sir, a covenant

For bestowal of the reward.

*Sir E.* I know.

Ay, Cecil, ay, the farm : it shall be thine,  
Surely, my faithful servant ; but anon  
Will do for that. The will, Cecil, the will.

*Hu.* Have you considered, sir, the heavy peril ?

*Sir E.* I have done more ; I have determined, sir,  
So give it me at once.

*Hu.* And the great sin ;  
The fearful sin, to rob the fatherless,  
For so is this young lady. How denounced  
And threatened with the fierce consuming vengeance !

*Sir E.* This I have thought of, and this stirs me not.  
I can look boldly now, and not askance  
On what I mean to do. Art thou afraid ?

*Hu.* My course is as determined as thine own.  
Here is the will, sir.

*Sir E.* So, so. Fairly drawn.  
You should have ta'en some means to stain the parchment,  
As if with age ; but let that pass ; 'twill do.  
[*Goes to the table.*] And now to sign it in my father's hand.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] What a strong calmness sits upon his face,  
Binding each several feature.

*Sir E.* Cecil—  
Pray you hold down the corner of the parchment.  
Why, your hand trembles ! and you seem to wonder  
That I can hold this pen now without shaking.  
But I am so resolved upon this deed,  
My purpose gives me strength. [*Signing.*] So, Edward  
Falconer,

'Twas thus he made his F's. Cecil, 'tis done !

*Hu.* But not yet witnessed, sir.

*Sir E.* Ay, do thou that.  
Let's see : the names of tenants or old servants  
Now dead will do. Let's see.

*Hu.* Nay, by your leave, sir.  
I have provided excellent witnesses  
To finish this affair.

*Sir E.* But who are they ?

*Hu.* The officers of justice, villain !

*Sir E.* Ha ! [*Snatches at the will.*]

*Hu.* Nay, sir, nay.

*Sir E.* Slave, will you betray me ?

*Hu.* Betray thee ! Dar'st thou with those perjured lips,  
Darest thou talk of faith ?

*Sir E.* Oh, miserable !

*Hu.* And wert thou atheist enough to think  
Thou shouldst be suffered to complete this wickedness ?  
What ho ! within there ! Seize this guilty man.

*Sir E.* Oh Cecil, call them not ! Oh do but spare me,  
But for a moment !

*Hu.* Well, what wouldst thou say ?

*Sir E.* Why wilt thou follow such a desperate course ?  
And is there no way left for my escape ?

*Hu.* Yes, there is one.

*Sir E.* What is it ?

*Hu.* Sign this deed.  
You asked before what 'twas, now read and sign.

*Sir E.* It gives the whole of my estate to thee,  
My secretary !

*Hu.* Ay, sir, so it does.  
But then it only gives what is not thine,  
Except by this forged will.

*Sir E.* And you would profit,  
And by my sin ; and thus, then, like a villain,  
You would betray my confidence ?

*Hu.* I would.  
But, cunning man, what didst thou take me for  
Except a villain, when thou didst seduce me  
From the fair service I was bound to pay  
To my old master's then deserted child ?



What faith couldst thou expect from him who broke  
faith?

Oh what a fool wert thou to trust a villain!

*Sir E.* I was, I was, I was.

*Hu.*

Yet so it is,

Sin leaves itself no choice of instruments;

And yet who is there that dare call me villain?

The world has harshly used me: I repay it.

I have not been rewarded to my merits,

And so mine own hand helps me to mine own.

What wrong then am I doing, if there be

A jot of truth in your philosophy?

But we waste time. Your name, sir, or a halter.

*Sir E.* I will not sign it.

*Hu.*

Be it as you will.

I will call in the jailors, if it please you;

But dare you face the things that must come after—

The public trial and the open shame,

The silent prison and the execution,

The hangman, and the gibbet, and the rope,

The thousand faces all turned up to gaze,

Rejoiced to see a rich man hanged at last—

Can you bear this?

*Sir E.*

Torturer! I cannot.

Give me the paper.

*Hu.*

Shall I hold the corner?

Your hand shakes now.

*Sir E.*

Fiend! demon!

*Hu.*

Nay, sir, nay,

I pray you do not call by such hard names

Your honest secretary, Master Cecil :

But now, I was good Cecil : will you sign it ?

*Sir E.* [*Signs the paper.*] So—'tis done—and I am now a  
beggar !

*Hu.* And I am master here. Ho there ! who waits.

*Sir E.* What wouldst thou do ?

*Hu.* I would but call my guests.

*Sir E.* Oh Cecil, though thou treacherously hast used  
me,

And though my wickedness is justly punished,

I did, meant thee no wrong ; oh spare me, spare me !

Here at thy feet I fling myself, and clasp

Thy knees in abject supplication. Spare me

The bitter misery of open shame ;

Pray thee devise some means that Eleanor

Shall never know of this ; oh spare a father !

Oh call them not !

*Hu.* Forbear to hinder me.

*Sir E.* Hast thou no human feeling ?

*Hu.* Hadst thou any ?

*Sir E.* Alas ! yet, Cecil, I did only mean,

Which was a sin, to wrong my brother's daughter,

But thou wilt murder mine.

*Hu.* [*Aside.*] Away, away.

The leech who spares the knife when it is needed,

Is weak and not humane. Release me, sir.

*Sir E.* Oh ! by the name of father——

*Hu.* 'Tis useless. Ho, what ho ! Sir Philip Herbert,  
Earl Courttown, and my lord, and Mistress Eleanor.

*Enter EARL and LORD COURTTOWN, OLD HERBERT, YOUNG  
HERBERT, ELEANOR, and RACHEL. FRIBBLE is entering,  
but HERBERT FALCONER pushes him out.*

*Hu.* No, by my father's soul, thou com'st not in ;  
No, no ; not thou to look upon his shame.  
Rachel, no word, no look of recognition ?

*O. Her.* 'Fore gad, now, Master Secretary,  
I love thee well for this.

*Hu.* Sir, you mistake to address me by that name.  
No longer servant now, or secretary,  
Sir, I am master here.

*Y. Her.* Why, what means this ?

*Hu.* Why, marry, this it means. You were bid hither  
To read the will by which this gentleman  
Rightfully holds his title and estate,  
And here it is, peruse it at your leisure.  
'Tis signed and sealed, sir ; signed and sealed, I say :  
But in this hand I hold another deed  
That I must also beg you to peruse,  
Which gives this house and these fair lands to me,  
His faithful secretary, Master Cecil.

*Lord C.* It is impossible.

*Hu.* Strange things do happen.

*O. Her.* Oh, there has been some monstrous villany !  
'Tis plain as daylight, although what, I know not.

*Earl C.* Who can explain this mystery ?

*Hu.* Ay, who ?

You had better ask Sir Edward Falconer.

*El.* Father, dear father—oh, pray speak to me.

*Sir E.* Oh !

*El.* Father, in one word, tell me wast thy hand  
That signed this paper ?

*Sir E.* Eleanor—it was.

*El.* Then, father, let us hence. What strange events  
Have placed thy fortune in this bad man's power  
I cannot tell, but do not let him triumph  
At sight of our distress.

*Sir E.* Will no one rid me  
Of this detested life ? You, villain, you !  
Will you not do it ?

*Hu.* Art thou fit to die ?  
Wouldst dare to make the plunge into the darkness,  
The never-ending darkness of the grave,  
With all that heap of sin upon thy head ?

*Sir E.* And who art thou that dar'st reproach me with it ?  
Or how art thou less deep in guilt than I,  
Although thou hast by cunning over-reached me ?

*Hu.* Askest thou who I am ? Look on me well.  
Think upon him thou art most bound to love,  
Think upon him thou hast most deeply wronged,  
Whose daughter clung to thee in her necessity

And rudely was shaken off :

Think on thy once-loved, long-lost, injured brother,

Then see him standing here.

*Sir E.*

The cup is full !

*Hu.* This very morn gave me intelligence

Of the withdrawal of the proclamation

For my discovery, for which I must thank

This gentleman [*pointing to* OLD HERBERT].

*Y. Her.* Why, this is wonderful !

*O. Her.* Is this thy father, and didst thou conceal it ?

*Hu.* It was my will she should.

*Ra.*

Or surely, sir,

I had with joy confided in your kindness.

*Sir E.* Come, Eleanor ; this is no place for us.

*Lord C.* Lady, I would not at a time like this

Press my love suit upon thee ; but I rather

Could bear be rated with intrusiveness

Than censured as unkind. I love thee better,

In those sweet tears of daughterly affection,

Than when thou shon'st in beauty's dazzling splendour,

Upon that morn that should have been our bridal.

*El.* I pray thee do not rob me of my calmness,

Nor speak again to me, nor think of one

Whom thou shalt see no more.

*Sir E.*

This I have wrought too !

*Hu.* Come, you linger, sir.

*Sir E.* I pray you bear with me. A little while—

And I'll not trouble you.

*O. Her.* Are men turned wolves ?  
You will not follow vengeance to such lengths.  
Oh, had I known this, I had seen you hanged  
Ere I had got your pardon !

*Ra.* You mistake him.

*O. Her.* You will not turn him naked on the world,  
And this his innocent child too !

*Y. Her.* Pray, have mercy.

*Hu.* The mercy that he showed unto my child,  
Who shall dare blame me, I show him and his ?

*Y. Her.* Why, He who sits on high and gives us feelings  
Above the soulless brutes ; who makes our hearts  
So tenderly alive to the sweet impulses  
Of social love and kindred ; who gives sense  
To look into our own hearts, and there reading  
How full of wickedness they are, doth teach  
To view our brothers' faults with charity ;  
Who plucks the hand back raised in act to strike,  
Crying : Rash man, remember thine own frailty ;—  
Bear and forbear, forgive and be forgiven !

*Sir E.* Nay, do not plead for me ;  
For I am past forgiveness upon earth ;  
The remnant of my life I'll spend in striving  
To make my peace above.

*Hu.* Sayest thou so ?  
Then I need play a hateful part no longer.  
Alas, my brother ! *[Falls on SIR EDWARD'S neck.*

*Ra.* There my father spake.

*Hu.* And didst thou, couldst thou think I was the wretch,  
My brother, that I seemed? Indeed, 'tis true,  
Stung by thy usage of my daughter, I  
(And be thy fault now for the last time mentioned)  
With a dark purpose entered in thy service;  
May Heaven that turned my thoughts, forgive me for them!  
But when I found me in my home again  
With all the old familiar things around me;  
The spreading beech whereon our names we carved,  
The hall that once rang merry with our sports,  
The board at which so many loved ones sat  
(All are gone now, save thee and me, my brother);  
And when I gazed upon thy face, and traced  
In the worn man the boy's frank open features,  
My friend and playmate, school and bed-fellow,—  
My bowels yearned as Joseph's did of old,  
And oft I lifted up my face and wept;  
But still held sternly to my stedfast purpose  
To wean thee from the narrow love of wealth  
Had fixed itself so keenly on thy heart.  
Now, with these parchments, perish ev'ry thought  
Of all this misery.

*Sir E.* You overwhelm me.

*O. Her.* Why, this is as it should be; but enough  
of it;

Let's have a wedding now to make us merry.

*Hu.* Well said, Sir Philip. I say more than one,  
To crown our happiness. My lord, you will not

Refuse your assent. This young gentleman  
Shall have with my fair niece a liberal portion.

*Earl C.* I much rejoice that these so sad beginnings  
Should have such fair conclusion. Take her, sir.

*Lord C.* To you, myself I owe, my better self.

*El.* To my misfortunes, and your honest censure  
Of foibles others flattered, I too owe  
The humbling of that empty foolish pride,  
Of which I'm now ashamed.

*Hu.* You see, my brother,  
Others confess their faults as well as we.  
But there is one has long been silent here,  
And ne'er was a great talker ; hither, Rachel :  
Young gentleman, in her adversity  
Thou preferr'dst courtship to this maiden here ;  
In my prosperity I recompense thee.  
Behold the rich reward ! Take her and love her !  
The thing upon this earth the nighest heaven  
Is a good woman ; such an one I give thee ;  
I who best know her, know not half her worth ;  
Be it thy best lot to prove it !

Edward !

[*Placing his hand on his brother's shoulder.*

[*Curtain falls.*]





**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## TO HIS FRIENDS

THE AUTHOR

### *Dedicates these Poems.*

It will be seen by the dates here and there appended that in their composition they extend over a long period of time. Some, written in early manhood, were stolen delights, or the work of intervals of leisure snatched from time occupied in very different pursuits; some have been recently written; only a few of the pieces have been published. All have received such correction and revision as the writer is able to bestow. Of their crudities and imperfections he is very sensible, yet he hopes that to those to whom he now dedicates them (some of whom may perhaps recall the scenes wherein and circumstances under which many of the poems were written) their presentation in this form will not be unwelcome. Whatever be their faults and "although they are out-stripped by every pen," he asks such friends to say :

"THEIR'S FOR THEIR STYLE I'LL READ, HIS FOR HIS LOVE."



# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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## AYLMER.

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—*A retired part of a Park, with a Castle in the distance. Time, sunset. AYLMER, alone.*

*Aylmer.* She will not come : why did I think she would ?  
The blood of kings within her veins ; a dowry  
Princes might covet ; beauty that makes poor  
E'en these rich gifts ; all these are hers, and what  
Have I to set against them ? Fool ! fool ! fool !  
A poor dependent, bred in charity ;  
The sword I wear, my little skill to use it,  
I can scarce call my own ; and to my teeth  
This has been said ; the hand that raised, has spurned me ;  
And mine was tied, like coward's by his fears,  
By the cold crushing weight of obligation.  
I have borne this, and now, if she should scorn me ;

Should that lip curl ; should those eyes look disdainful ;  
Should that sweet voice speak words of bitterness——

*Enter SYBILLA.*

*Sybilla.* Aylmer, I hope thou hast not tarried long ;  
I had sooner come, but on the sunny slope  
Down by the hermitage, these early roses  
(The first of the season) tempted me to wander.  
But thou look'st sad. What chance has troubled thee ?

*Aylmer.* Sad, Sybil, can I be so with such cause  
For joy and happiness ? But heed not me ;  
Tell me the story of these pretty roses.

*Sybilla.* Nay, there's no story, Aylmer ; an there were  
I could not tell it now. What is the matter ?  
Anger and grief are on thy countenance ;  
Thou canst not hide the troublesome visitants,  
Nor shouldst, from me.

*Aylmer.* I must not listen longer,  
Or what are my resolves ? And this is she  
Whose kindness I could doubt !

*Sybilla.* What is't you mean ?

*Aylmer.* Dear Sybil, I've a story to tell thee,  
Since thou wilt not tell thine ; a story, Sybil,  
That makes my cheek flush, and my heart beat thick.  
But no ; no, no ; I will not sue for pity ;  
Not even thine. I pray thee sit awhile

[*Leads her to a tree that has fallen across the  
path, and on the trunk of which a rustic  
seat has been carved out*]

Till I have schooled this stubborn heart a little,  
To clothe the thoughts that are now burning in it  
In language such as fits the poor dependent  
Speak to the Lady Sybilla of Limousin.

*Sybilla.* When Sybil's words are ireful, proud, and bitter,  
The poor dependent Aylmer will do well  
To arm him with this proud humility.

*Aylmer.* Forgive me, Sybil ; thou wast ever kind,  
Gentle, and generous ; thy blood hath no scorn  
But for unworthiness ; doth never rise  
Save at oppression's tale, and else time flows  
In tranquil current to the richest heart  
That ever made this hard cold world a heaven.  
A paradise indeed, it hath been to me,  
Holding thy blessèd spirit ; but no more  
May my feet wander here ; no more may I  
Range these green woods, wild dells, and tangled coverts.  
The deer shall seek the gurgling water-course,  
The dove flit furtively among the branches,  
And thou shalt mark them, Sybil, as of old ;  
But other hands shall part the clustering foliage,  
Another arm support thee, and the music  
Of that sweet voice another's ear drink in,  
But mine—no more ; no more——

*Sybilla.* Alas, dear Aylmer, whither goest thou ?  
What cruel doom of banishment has struck thee ?

*Aylmer.* Ah, banishment, indeed ! but doom it is !  
Why do I linger thus o'er what must be !



My heart was stern erewhile, and steeled with pride ;  
Thy presence, Sybil, and the dewy beauty,  
And quiet of this lovely evening,  
Have saddened and subdued me.

*Sybilla.*

Oft I feel

Sad at this hour, thinking in after life  
How many deepening thoughts must wait upon it ;  
How friends must drop, how hope's bright hues must fade ;  
How all life's lights be quenched, until at last,  
As the tired day sinks in the lap of evening,  
As the bird seeks its nest, as shuts the flower—  
Death folds all in, as darkness, this fair world.

*Aylmer.* But still, for some, bright shall the morning rise,  
And light their sparkling eyes, and gild their cheeks ;  
And the clear laugh shall ring upon the breeze,  
And the light footstep dash away the dew ;  
Yet who will think of the tired wayfarer  
Whose pilgrimage is closed ? No single moment  
But ring a thousand knells : no laughter peals  
But groans mix with it, and the funeral dirge  
Breaks in unheeded on the bridal chorus !  
Parting's a kind of death ; and, Sybilla,  
When far away I wander, when, perhaps,  
This throbbing heart is still, wilt thou, too, follow  
The worldly fashion of forgetfulness ?  
Or wilt thou, Sybilla, sometimes bestow  
A thought on him who——

*Sybilla.*

Do not leave us, Aylmer ;

Why wilt thou shape thyself a mournful destiny ?  
 My father's words were hasty, his quick nature  
 Knows not to curb his tongue ; but——

*Aylmer.*

He dared call me

(And the sounds hiss still in mine ear) dependent ;  
 Base-born—but that is false. He dared to tell me  
 Pity had bred, and charity had nurtured me ;  
 Reproached me with his obligations, Sybil.  
 Oh how they weigh upon my throbbing heart !  
 That I am not ungrateful, let it witness  
 That he—oh, other guard he had !—but, after this,  
 Starving, I'd take no berry from his hedge ;  
 Drought-parched, no stream of his should slake my thirst ;  
 Rather I'd herd me with the wolves and foxes  
 Than his proud walls again should shelter me.  
 Nay, let them, crumbling, fall and crush me when  
 I house me there again. Sybil, I go  
 From them, and, ah ! from thee, this night forever !

*Sybilla.* Alas ! alas !

*Aylmer.*

Dear Sybilla ! You weep.

*Sybilla.* Have I no cause, hearing thy bitter words ?

*Aylmer.* The breeze shall dry thy tears, and mirth and  
 pageant

Shall court the lady of these broad domains,  
 And Aylmer be forgotten. Be it so.  
 Why should it not ?

*Sybilla.*

I did not think our parting  
 Unkindness should embitter.

*Aylmer.*

Not for me,

Sweet, not for me these tears ; nay, dry them, dry them ;  
My heart is bursting with its secret, and I must speak :  
Sybil, this day thy kinsmen have reviled me ;  
Laid bare my state ; have shown me what I am ;  
Have forced back to its source the veins' full current  
That would have poured itself forth at their need,  
Nor grudged their life drops. Oh, do not *thou* so !  
Sybil, thou hast seen me stern and wild and wayward ;  
Thou know'st me landless, birthless, almost nameless ;  
Yet, as I am, I have dared love thee, Sybil  
Dared ! Could I drink the music of thy voice,  
Bask in the beaming witchery of that smile,  
See thee so gentle, pure, and generous,  
How could I see all this, and yet not love ?  
They err who say love needeth hope to feed on,  
Mine fed upon my heart ; I knew 'twas hopeless,  
Yet it grew and strengthened, my bliss and torment ;  
But though I loved, I had ne'er spoke my passion  
Had fate not wrung my secret from me now.  
I do not ask thy love, sue not for pity ;  
But do not scorn me ; give me word of kindness ;  
One gentle look, some token of forgiveness ;  
And I go forth to trouble thee no more.

*Sybilla (After a pause.)* Dear Aylmer ! we must part.

These tears perhaps

I ought to hide, but cannot ; they may show thee  
How much the parting costs. My father's will,

My hand betrothed, my lofty but sad state,  
Forbid that we should be to one another  
What heretofore we have been. We but nurse  
A misery into strength may now be conquered  
By dreaming otherwise. My dreams are over !  
But, oh ! how thou didst wrong thyself and me,  
To think that love like thine should meet with scorn,  
Or that my lips should breathe it. Hard the heart  
Would so repay so rich a sacrifice,  
Though fate forbids to listen to the prayer.  
Ah ! had our state been different ! This is useless.  
Aylmer, farewell. Life hath its noble courses :  
Be fortunate ! be happy ! let not passion  
Dim thy bright soul, nor sorrow quench thy spirit.  
I may not, must not love thee, but mine ear  
Shall ne'er drink gladder sounds than those that honour  
thee.  
Farewell ! farewell ! and let me think of thee  
As one I might not love, but one love-worthy !

*[He kneels at her feet during the latter part of this  
speech ; she bends over him, and kisses his  
forehead.]*

## HEREDITARY DISTINCTIONS VINDICATED.

You are to blame, and look but at the surface.  
Society would stagnate were the spur  
To honour and to virtue ta'en away ;  
For who would prize distinction for himself  
And not desire that after him his children  
Should profit by his valour, virtue, merit ?  
The merchant scarce would traffic, might he not  
Bequeath his gettings unto those he loves.  
The peasant, when he boasts his honest parents  
Claims for himself hereditary honour.  
Would wisdom rob his virtue of the stay  
The proud, though humble, recollection gives ?  
Ascend the social ladder, and still stronger  
The influence works. He who may proudly glance  
On a long line of noble ancestry  
Has in the record motives, principles  
Stir not the nameless man. When there he reads :  
This ancestor died nobly in the field,  
His country's stay, and saviour in example.  
This was the liberal patron of the arts  
That purify, and humanise, and raise  
The soul above the dunghill earth all spring from.  
This was the poor man's friend ; the buckler this

That cover'd the oppress'd ! This dared stand forth  
And in degenerate and obsequious times,  
When truth was well-nigh mortal, spake the words  
Of honesty and wisdom—exile paid him :  
But when the flatterers had shrunk away,  
The trusted failed, the prudent stood aloof  
To watch the event ; in that dark frowning hour,  
Who boldly battled by his master's side !  
The court disgraced him, but the camp has found him,  
And there his blood is shed. And can it be  
That rich red stream shall so sink in the ground  
That his descendants shall not, kindling, feel  
The inspiration of such deeds as these ?  
Oh sir, the son of such an ancestry  
Is raised upon the mountain of achievements  
His fathers have built up ; and there he stands  
In bold proportions against heaven's own sky,  
That pours its floods of glory on his head !

## LEAVING ENGLAND.

I WANDER forth alone ;  
Far from my father's hearth,  
Dissevering every tie  
Hath bound me from my birth.  
I wander forth alone !

Oh never more may I  
O'er England's green fields range ;  
Farewell to all familiar scenes ;  
The very stars are strange.  
I wander forth alone !

No love attuned voice  
Steals gently on mine ear ;  
Methinks I feel my sister's kiss  
And see the half-check'd tear.  
Oh no, I am alone !

And him, the friend who clings  
Fast even as a brother,  
Eternally I leave ;  
I ne'er shall know another.  
Henceforth I am alone !

Like our first parents, I  
Musing, heart-heavy roam ;  
The wide world all before me,  
Behind my Eden home !  
I wander forth alone !



## BIRTHDAYS.

TIME, bending 'neath another year,  
Returns once more upon his track,  
And one by one, so sweet and dear,  
All the love-hallowed days come back.  
Those resting-places still I mark  
Where memory gath'ring flowers may stray,  
Making, though all around be dark,  
Their bright sunshiny holiday.

But where are they, the loved, oh where,  
Once hailed those days' return with me ?  
Far distant—there is none to share  
My joy or pain of memory :  
The days come back, but me they find  
'Mongst those to whom the days are nought ;  
I clasp the deep thoughts in my mind—  
Unnoticed pass they, not forgot.

An exile in a far strange land  
I heave around a tearful eye ;  
There solitary musing stand  
And turn to that part of the sky

Where fancy pictures me my home,  
 Where dear ones are assembled all :  
 How think they now of those who roam,  
 Our names how pray'rfully recall ?

And let me, too, a blessing seek  
 For them, oh Lord, for them my prayer ;  
 Feed full of health the rosy cheek,  
 The aged head vouchsafe to spare ;  
 To that home temple come no trace  
 Of sickness, sorrow, strife, or pain,  
 Grant in Thy mercy, and Thy grace,  
 That I may bow there once again !

## DARK MOMENTS.

Oh demon of unrest ! Desire of change,  
That dost thy wandering thousands pilgrims send,  
O'er seas, 'neath skies, 'mid faces, voices strange,  
Till the strong spirit with disease doth bend,  
The cheek grow hectic, the inquiring eye  
Look round on foreign faces all in vain,  
Yearning for that encircling sympathy  
That charms the serpents in the lash of pain—  
What hast thou not to answer for ? How few  
Who from the Eden of their homes depart  
In body, not in spirit, e'er shall view  
Again that loved longed refuge of the heart !  
They left it high in hope, their bones shall be  
In the strange churchyard, desert, forest, sea !

## THE STORMY PETREL.

GAY little voyager,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
O'er the wild water with  
Wing never weary ;  
On, on thy cheerful course,  
However roaring,  
However fierce the waves,  
Over them soaring.

Old Ocean's butterfly,  
Fragile as flow'ret,  
Thy light wing need not fear  
Storms should o'erpower it.  
Man in his stoutest ships  
Quakes at the weather,  
That from thy plumage soft  
Stealeth no feather.

So may a woman seem,  
Weak, light, and bending ;  
Yet if the mad storm come,  
Howling and rending,

Towers of strength and trust  
Round thee may shiver ;  
Yet will her loving heart  
Fail thee—ah, never !

## RAINBOW ON THE OCEAN.

SEE how yon bow's tremendous span  
Rests on th' illimitable sea ;  
So are God's promises to man  
Sustain'd upon eternity !

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## EPITAPHS.

WHATE'ER thy dearest is to thee,  
Was he who lieth here to me ;  
Thank then thy God, *thy* joy is left,  
And pity one of all bereft.

---

As flowers here bloom, so bloom the flowers of Faith ;  
By heaven's dew moisten'd, fanned by heaven's breath ;  
He who with so fair covering decks the sod,  
Will comfort thee. Weep then—but trust in God.

## FAIR-WEATHER SEA.

MERRY, happy, sportive sea,  
Dancing thus incessantly ;  
Surely dwellers on dull earth  
Never know the life and mirth  
Of the voyagers by sea,  
Steering onward cheerily.

Here and there the mad waves run  
Looking gaily at the sun ;  
Cherry bloom is not as white  
As that foam, nor half so bright ;  
Then how musical as well  
Is the plashing of the swell.

As the wave the breeze impinges,  
Rainbow-hued become the fringes ;  
Truly not so large and fair  
As the rainbow of the air ;  
But the sky can show but one,  
Thousands laugh here in the sun.

Any common fish can swim,  
These through subtle air may skim ;  
Nautilus, that sailor old,

Spreads his rosy wing ; so bold  
And yet frail a thing as he  
Surely eyes did never see.

Land at night can never show  
Aught but moon and stars I trow.  
Ocean in the darkest night  
Makes his shining waves all bright ;  
Stars are floating in the spray,  
And phosphoric fishes play.

Thousand sights we have as well,  
More than I have time to tell.  
Landlings, which of you will dare  
Your dull world with ours compare ?  
In despite, contented be—  
All the world can't live at sea.



## FOUL-WEATHER SEA.

THE sea's a subject mighty fine  
'Bout which to write or sing,  
But let a landsman try, he'll find  
'Tis quite another thing.

There's no such thing as rest or ease  
For "member, joint, or limb,"  
And though you have not drunk a drop  
All things around you swim.

The wind they say is rather fresh,  
You'll find it very true ;  
The ship is reeling and the waves  
Are elevated too.

It matters not, 'tis just the same  
Or blow it north or south,  
The waves like mad dogs run about  
All foaming at the mouth.

You cannot read, you cannot write,  
Sit, walk, nor stand, nor lie ;  
You're sick if you remain below,  
On deck you're never dry.

And if you try to shave yourself,  
 Your courage sorely fails—  
 Water to wash you've just enough  
 To hide your finger-nails.

In a fix'd bed you cannot sleep,  
 You're shaken so about,  
 And if you venture in a cot  
 You're sure to tumble out.

And this the Skipper says is fine,  
 A pleasant gentle breeze ;  
 No souls save those who tempt them know  
 The perils of the seas.

I wish I were on shore again—  
 Though on a rock 'twould please ;  
 I'll give you leave to drown me when  
 Next caught upon the seas.

\* \* \* \*

Pitching, tossing, rolling, rumbling,  
 Nothing quiet, all things jumbling,  
 Crashing, dashing, breaking, shaking,  
 Creaking, squeaking, sleeping, waking,  
 Holding, scolding, swearing, railing,  
 These are all the joys of sailing.

## THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

WELL, now for a song, boys,  
My subject's not new,  
But hearty and honest,  
The jackets of blue !  
We've drunk "Sweethearts and wives,"  
And hope they'll prove true,  
As surely they ought, to  
The jackets of blue !

Wherever is water  
To bear up a keel,  
Of England's bold broadsides  
Has rattled the peal ;  
The foes who our flag saw  
The sight learnt to rue,  
For its folds floated over  
The jackets of blue !

The Old English Lion  
Has conquered his foes,  
And sated with glory,  
Lies down in repose.

The world is at peace now,  
To whom is it due ?  
To God that's above, and  
The jackets of blue !

With echoes of battle  
Shall thanks end ? Ah, no !  
Our wealth and our greatness  
To commerce we owe ;  
Our ships yield to us more  
Than mines of Peru,  
They're guarded and manned by  
The jackets of blue !

Hurrah for old England,  
Our freedom and laws ;  
Let small love their betters,  
Their betters give cause ;  
The good ship well guided  
By captain and crew,  
Hurrah for our land, and  
The jackets of blue !

## THE OAK AND THE MISTLETOE.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1838, IN HONG-KONG BAY, IN SIGHT  
OF H.M.S. "DRUID.")

"The tune of 'Derry down' is as old as the time of the Druids."—  
WALTER SCOTT.

OUR fathers the Britons (pray, ladies, don't faint)  
Wore little for clothing, but dabs of blue paint ;  
While Priests the old Druids with mistletoe crown,  
Sat hymning the Oak to this tune, Derry down.  
Down, down, down Derry down.

The tree then was sacred, and 'neath its broad shade.  
Crept the lover at eve and the trembling maid ;  
What young Love to-day says, they said long ago,  
And bless'd the green Oak and the sweet Mistletoe.  
Down, down, &c.

The world still is changing, and gone the old race,  
Came chivalry's lords, knights, and squires in place ;  
In forest unhonor'd, the old Oak might grow,  
But dearly all loved still the sweet Mistletoe.  
Down, down, &c.

Once more wave thy branches my, proud Oak, on high,  
The pageants of chivalry all have passed by ;  
And Drake sails the seas, and brave Bess wears the crown ;  
How proudly all hail thee, and sing Derry down.

Down, down, &c.

When copper-nosed Noll was stuck up for a king,  
'Twas kiss in the corner, not kiss in the ring ;  
I hate the sour crew, but our history goes  
The Oak's smallest twig could still cudgel our foes.

Derry down, &c.

And greenly he grows still, or gallantly falls,  
To build for his country her stout wooden walls ;  
Though priests 'neath his branches have ceased to adore,  
French, Spaniards, and Dutch the Oak bow down before.

Down, down, &c.

Green harbour of freedom ! Tough root of renown ;  
Well worthy thy branches to shelter the crown ;  
Let the Queen on her throne, and the lowliest clown,  
Bless the tree underneath which was sung Derry down.

Down, down, &c.

The circlet of gold now on fair brow is laid,  
The lion lies crouched at the feet of a maid ;

'Twere shame to forget, while the brave Oak we sing,  
The plant that so lovingly to him doth cling.

Derry down, &c.

A health, boys ! Our ships, boys ; our ships and their crew ;  
The Oak of the forest ; the Hearts of Oak too ;  
With ripe lips to press, boys, strong arms for the foe,  
We'll honour the Oak, love the sweet Mistletoe.

Derry down, &c.

"Hey derry down," which we know to be as old as the days  
of the Heptarchy at least, has been traced to a Druidical chant  
"Hai down, ir, deri danno (Come let us hasten to the oaken grove)."  
—*Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1878.

## ANNIE.

No, no, she *is* not dead, mother,  
    Though so deadly still she lie,  
Let me go near to her, mother,  
    She'd ever a downcast eye.  
Alas ! my son, my own dear son,  
Death hath taken the tender one.

She cannot be dead, my mother,  
    Though so very pale she be ;  
Her cheek was ever delicate  
    As the first blossom on the tree ;  
Look up, look up, my only dear.  
Death, my son, hath closed her ear.

I say she *is* not dead, mother,  
    Her rose lips I *must* kiss ;  
The dew of life is on them—  
    Death has no look like this !  
Oh my son, my own dear son,  
Cold are the lips of the beautiful one.



Look up, look up, my only dear ;  
Annie, knowest thou not *me* !  
If I had known so cold thou'dst grown,  
I had stayed in the far countrie—  
I've struggled, suffered, gold have got—  
And what is its use, now thou art not ?

And must thou lie in the cold churchyard,  
And never more see the sun ?  
But I will be near, Annie dear,  
My life it is well-nigh done.  
Death shall not part us from one another—  
Let me lie beside Annie, mother.

## ESMERALDA.

Most exquisite, most exquisite, and sweet !  
Divine creation of the poet's mind ;  
Embodied sunbeam, making almost blind  
The eye that strives thy prism hues to greet.  
How to our senses twinkle thy small feet,  
How trills that voice so full, and rich and kind ;  
How flash those dark eyes, as within them shrined  
Thy living soul had there its earthly seat.  
Sweet compound of voluptuous and ideal ;  
So passionate, so loving, yet so pure ;  
Too fair for earth, for spirit far too real.  
While love, and heart, and fancy shall endure  
So long shalt thou be worshipped with a zeal  
That finds itself but dumb to speak what it doth feel.

## SOME SOUL OF GOODNESS IN THINGS EVIL.

EVEN the cruel shark, of all the fear,  
Although he be a terror and a hate,  
Cannot yet bear to be quite reprobate,  
Of every mortal thing ; but still him near  
His friend the little pilot-fish doth steer.  
What wondrous yearning can such love create  
Betwixt that ruthless thing and his small mate.  
Who, then, 'gainst pity's touch his heart dare sear ?  
'Tis said that even Nero's grave above  
One votive wreath was hung, some act of kindness  
Called forth that offering of grateful love  
(Haply forgotten in his haughty blindness) ;  
And never was there man so dark of doom  
The daisies scorned to blossom on his tomb.

## PARTING AND RETURN.

WHEN last I saw thy pale and wasted face,  
And felt the fond clasp of that poor thin hand,  
While we, dear friend, did there leave-taking stand,  
When thou didst part from me with faltering pace,  
Leaving me then alone. Oh how alone !  
I felt if I again saw home's dear shore  
Thou wouldst be lost to me for evermore.  
That thou shouldst never joy in my return,  
Nor talk of all our happy days of yore,  
Making the present dearer with the thought,  
Of our long-linked affection. Time has wrought  
Rudely upon me ; not for this I mourn ;  
But ah ! because, now near my journey's end,  
Thou art not there to welcome me, dear friend.

## GOOD-BYE.

ADIEU ! Ah yes, may God defend thee ;  
May ev'ry joy in life attend thee ;  
Health bless, hope strengthen, friends prove true,  
Love's sun shine bright. Adieu ! adieu !

Farewell ! Ah yes, fortune caressing,  
Strew rich thy path with ev'ry blessing ;  
All heart can think, all tongue can tell,  
Of joy be thine. Farewell ! farewell !

Good-bye ! Ah yes, the word is dearer,  
Its warm and homely sound sincerer,  
For still link'd fast in loving tie,  
God bless you follows on Good-bye.

## RIVER SONG.

SMOOTHLY, swiftly, gently glide  
Onward with the favouring tide ;  
Rocks nor shoals endang'ring, so  
May with us life's current flow.

Rich and red as any rose  
In the stream how Phœbus glows ;  
O'er our course, until it end,  
Love, thy brighter radiance lend.

Evening gently steals forth now  
One fair star upon her brow ;  
When death, life's night, seals our eyes,  
May the star of mercy rise !

## SUMMER FRIENDS.

SUMMER friends, away and leave me,  
Lightly held, we lightly part ;  
There is one will not deceive me,  
Growing to my very heart !  
Fortune all her worst has wrought me,  
In that all, how little smart ;  
I can smile, for she has taught me,  
Love, how very dear thou art !

## THE POET'S GRAVE.

HANG up his harp ! there where the night's dull fingers

May waken tremblingly its sweet sad tone,

Soothing his spirit, if here still it lingers,

With music wild and touching as his own.

If any other sound

Steal o'er this holy ground,

Among the branches of yon silvery tree,

Let the sad wail

Of nightingale

Pour forth our loved lost Poet's elegy.

In Nature's breast her favourite lies sleeping,

Tenderly lapped as mother laps her child,

She o'er her darling careful vigil keeping,

Looks down upon him with her face so mild.

If eyes so pure and clear

May glisten with a tear,

When not a star is glimmering in the blue,

Upon the tender head

Of drooping flowers shed

Great Nature's eyes shall weep in morning dew.



## THE FIVE TOASTS.

(SUGGESTED BY A FAVOURITE SWEDISH SONG.)

In those bright hours, the cheerful board surrounding,  
When friends are gather'd, and their hearts beat high ;  
When pleasant talk, and merry lays are sounding,  
Five toasts shall consecrate our revelry.

Our sweethearts ! fill the goblets to o'erflowing ;  
Sweet smiles, bright eyes, fair forms seem gathering round ;  
We swear, we swear, our grateful hearts all glowing,  
Life's sweetest drops in true love's cup are found.

Our friends ! what name or tenderer, or dearer,  
The brave, the noble, generous, kind, and true ;  
Warm at our side, in danger pressing nearer,  
Drain, drain your glasses to the noble crew.

Our Fatherland ! May heavenly power defending,  
Shield thee from all can work a nation woe ;  
Rather than see thee from thy height descending  
Thy children's life-blood free as wine shall flow.

A sadder cup ! My friends, alas how often  
 Sorrow assails all on this mortal sphere ;  
 To all who suffer, solace ! Our hearts soften ;  
 It will not spoil our wine to drop a tear.

Again, again your cheerful glasses filling,  
 With heart and soul I give my final toast :  
 Love, friendship, kindness live within his dwelling,  
 Here's health, and ev'ry blessing to our host.

In those bright hours the cheerful board surrounding,  
 When friends are gather'd and their hearts beat high,  
 When pleasant talk and merry lays are sounding  
 These toasts shall consecrate our revelry.

## FIDO v. AMARIS.

Report of a case heard in the Parliament of Love. This fantastical tribunal was really established in Provence, and the cause of Fido and Amaris, the author found cited among others of the like gravity, in an article in the *Retrospective Review*.

NEXT a cause came to be heard  
Which much expectation stirred.  
Fido of his Amaris  
Did complain, that as a kiss  
She affected to bestow  
In pure love, to work him woe  
She had pricked him with a pin,  
So prayed judgment on her sin.  
Amaris, in her defence,  
Justified her innocence ;  
Said : " The kiss was rudely taken,  
And that when the blossom's shaken  
Roughly from the sweet rose-tree  
Pricked the fingers well may be.  
Sure she had best right alive  
To the honey of her hive,  
And to keep what was her right  
She would prick, or scratch, or bite."  
Then with aspect sternly grave

The fair judge her sentence gave :  
 " E'er since heart and heart did join  
 Kisses have been current coin,  
 And to make this mintage base,  
 Bring Love's treasury in disgrace,  
 Surely's a flagitious case.  
 Thus then doth the court decree  
 (Censuring her cruelty) :  
 Amaris, to suage its pain,  
 Must the wound kiss well again."

## LOVE SONG.

Who do precious jewels prize,  
And conceal them from men's eyes ;  
If in casket ever kept  
Might they not as well have slept  
In the dark and gloomy mine,  
No sight gladdened by their shine ?

Be a perfume e'er so sweet  
Till the air encounter it,  
Who could tell within the glass  
That so rich a thing there was ?  
Buds that ope not to the air  
Have the canker gnawing there.

Pretty miser ! hoard not so  
Then the treasures thou dost owe ;  
Jewel, bid thy lover wear thee,  
Perfume, let his senses share thee ;  
Other roses are in blossom,  
Take thy lover to thy bosom.

THE MAID OF CRETE,  
OR  
THE ORIGIN OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

LIST a story, old but true,  
How the art of Painting grew.  
In the pleasant Isle of Crete,  
Wrapp'd in slumber soft and sweet,  
Lay a youth who long had paid  
Courtship to a too coy maid ;  
Yet e'en there, as he lies sleeping,  
With hush'd breath and footstep creeping,  
Comes his own dear lady peeping.  
On his forehead wide and fair,  
Lifting just his glossy hair,  
Lightly breathes the summer air ;  
And a flood of yellow light,  
Pouring there its radiance bright,  
Gives the unconscious lover's face  
Something of a godlike grace ;  
While smiling lips which gently part,  
Murmur the name so near his heart.  
The maiden blushes like a rose,  
And pity in her bosom glows ;

Even in sleep her power confest ;  
Hard thus to disturb his rest.  
Then 'gan ask her gentle breast  
Wherefore it had been so cold,  
To the love-tale often told ;  
And half vow'd another day,  
Answer in a gentler way.  
Cupid heard, keen listener ever,  
Laugh'd and cried out : " Now or never !"  
Startled at the sudden sound,  
Quick the maiden looks around ;  
And, oh wonder ! sees the traces  
Of the features and the graces,  
She had there been gazing on,  
Pictur'd by the sloping sun,  
In broad shadow, full and fair,  
Ev'ry living line was there !  
Love can learn, tho' but a child  
Apt enough, if somewhat wild.  
Quickly doth she trembling trace  
Upon the wall her lover's face,  
Until delighted with success,  
She cannot hide her happiness,  
And half-checked words of glad surprise,  
Unseal the happy slumberer's eyes.  
Happy slumber ! Happy waking !  
Youth, what joy on thee is breaking !  
He, indeed, were a dull lover,

Could not now the truth discover ;  
He, indeed, were faint of heart,  
Could not now well play his part :  
He was neither—they agreed—  
So may all true lovers speed !  
Wedded were they, loved so dearly,  
'Tis said, there was a likeness yearly.



## SONG.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

My heart's desire, fancy's dream  
Feeds still on thee.  
Life's one thought, soul's bliss supreme-  
Centereth in thee.  
Can this world a joy bestow  
Not found in thee?  
Hardest fortune plant a blow  
Un'suaged by thee?  
  
Holds my heart a hope on earth  
Not fixed on thee?  
What to noblest thought gives birth?  
My love for thee!  
If I heed ambition's call,  
Sweet, 'tis for thee!  
Should I care to live at all  
Except for thee?  
  
Round me spells can others wreathe  
Like those of thee?  
Vital as the air I breathe  
Art thou to me.

Hopes, and thoughts, my very life,  
Rest all in thee.

Ruling star, oh guide my fate  
Bound up in thee.

## THE LOVE-LORN.

THE flowers all hang heavy on the stalk,  
I have no heart to tend them ;  
The birds are singing in melodious talk,  
I have no ear to lend them ;  
My eyes are dry with weariness and waking,  
My grief-full heart is very nigh to breaking.

As glad as ever is each village maiden,  
Their merry smiling mocks me ;  
I am a wretch with grief so overladen,  
All mirth but shocks me ;  
Oh, were I in the quiet churchyard sleeping,  
Perhaps one tear he'd shed who little heeds my weeping-

## LOVE'S BURIAL.

THE world's tormentor's dead ! His baleful eyes  
No more shall mock at human miseries—  
His cruel hand is nerveless ; tho' so small,  
Yet had it power to hold the earth in thrall ;  
But it is feeble now, and broke the dart  
That wrought such wondrous pain in every mortal heart.

Ev'n in death he's dangerous to the eyes,  
Though daintily and quietly he lies.  
Who would believe that that so innocent cheek,  
So peachy soft, so rosy, and so sleek,  
Could dimpled be with malice, or such lips  
Give poisonous moisture to his wounding arrow-tips ?

In very sooth, he is a pretty boy,  
Let us forgive him then our heart's annoy,  
And lay him quietly where young birds sing ;  
The summer over him will roses fling,  
And violets, like his breath, so scent the air  
That tiptoe-treading maids shall deem him sleeping there.

## FRIENDLY ADVICE.

LITTLE LOVE, I thee advise,  
Now no longer hoodwink'd be,  
Thou hast surely need of eyes  
In this world of treachery.

Madam Fortune long ago  
Left off playing blindman's buff,  
And but heaps to overflow  
Those who erst had quite enough.

Old Dame Justice, I agree,  
Blind to-day as ever lives ;  
But 'tis that she may not see,  
Baggage ! what false weight she gives.

Little Love, I thee advise,  
Hoodwink'd then no longer be ;  
Thou dost need ten pairs of eyes  
In this world of treachery.

VALEDICTORY.

Go from my heart !  
 Although it ache to lose thee,  
 It hath no cell  
 Where thought of thee shall dwell :  
 Yet, wherefore didst so use me ?

Go from my heart !  
 'Thine was its each fond beat.  
 Couldst even guess  
 Its faithfulness  
 And yet that heart so cheat ?

Go to thy other love.  
 Swear thyself, fond, pure, true ;  
 Teach him his rest,  
 Build on thy breast  
 Secure, then stab him too.

## A LEGEND OF KOOSHAN.

The Temple of Kooshan, a short distance from the city of Foochow, is a favourite resort of foreigners, and a noble building very beautifully situated. The monks live as described in the text, and the three-legged pig was formerly an object of great curiosity and interest. It is sad to say that the miraculous breed has come to an end, the individual spoken of in the legend having long since

“Led his graces to the grave  
And left the world no copy.”

In the reign of the Emperor Fee-fa-fum,  
The hundred-and-first of the dynasty Hum,  
The temple far-famed of Kooshan was founded.  
Half-way up a mountain by mountains surrounded  
It flourishes still, a green retreat,  
Fragrant and cool in the fiercest heat.  
I will not trouble you much with description,  
Though of rocks, streams, and trees, I could mix a prescription,  
As I fear to my tale it might be detrimental  
If I suffered myself to grow too sentimental ;  
Yet just to show, as I'd have you to know,  
If it suited my purpose I could be so,  
I'll say  
The rude wilds clasp it in their arms,  
As though they were enamoured of the charms

Which on their bosom there serenely rest,  
Like some rich beauty on a Satyr's breast.  
The old monks lead lives of the strictest austerity,  
No wives must they have, and of course no posterity,  
But a thundering bell is incessantly rung,  
As if to remind them of dear woman's tongue.  
Hard their fate, hard their fare. No rich meat, no fat fishes,  
But whatever their longings, their wants or their wishes,  
Rice, cabbage, and pease are the sum of their dishes.  
And yet the poor wretches, their fate to make harder,  
They've abundance of far better things in their larder,  
Or might have at least, as in pen and in sty  
There are plenty of pigs and poult(e)ry  
(Forgive the shocking orthography).  
And marvel amongst the marvels there,  
At which all visitors go to stare,  
A pig! Doth he hold one leg in air?  
Oh no, a miracle there you see,  
One of a three-legged race is he;  
And now I'll tell you his history.  
It chanced in days, then, long gone by  
Their ruled o'er this society,  
A monk (so goes the true narration),  
Who had for fasting small vocation;  
Saint-like, he loved a life of ease,  
But then he didn't like parched pease,  
And as he munched the nasty ration,  
So far from fleeing the temptation,



He'd haunt the pig and poultry-yard,  
Bewailing there his fortune hard.  
Can he in sleep forget his woes ?  
His fevered eyelids will not close ;  
Why will those geese persist in cackling,  
Pigs grunt to make him dream of crackling ?  
He starts up, famine in his eye,  
Frenzied he rushes to the sty,  
Cost what it will he'll have a fry.  
O man of care, and guilt, and woe,  
Seldom dost thou that deep sleep know  
That binds so sweetly ev'ry sense,  
The sleep of pigs and innocence.  
There, as they lay in peaceful slumber,  
Swiftly, the fattest of their number  
He seizes, bears off ; where's the wonder ?  
Let sages teach, or Buddha thunder,  
The devil has got the hand called upper,  
The priest a most delicious supper.

\* \* \* \*

The monk and the morning together arose,  
How *she* arrays herself ev'ry one knows,  
For his part the priest wore his dirty old clo'es,  
And bold as brass to the temple he goes,  
And thought as he went, the gluttonous sinner,  
Of the delicate spare-rib he'd have for his dinner.  
Then, as his duty was, led the way  
Earth's innocent fruits on the shrine to lay ;

And who that had seen him kotowing there,  
Would have dreamed of aught but a night of prayer,  
Or of chop-sticks, the Chinese knife and fork,  
Greasy still from that leg of pork. .  
Clatters the gong, and drones the hymn,  
The priest advances, sure Buddha looks grim,  
Is't fancy, or does he frown on him ?  
No dream it was of the wretched monk,  
For there as before the altar he sunk  
There thundered a voice—imagine his funk—  
“ Wretch, on me wouldst thou play such a rig ?  
Where, oh where is my favourite pig ?”  
What can the hapless sinner reply  
Save, with flutt'ring voice, and cow'ring eye,  
The old refuge seek in telling a lie :  
“ Where should he be, Buddha, except in his sty ?”  
“ Liar,” shouts Buddha, “ thy shameful audacity  
Is equal, I see, to thy horrid voracity.  
Dost think me a god, wretch, of no perspicacity,  
That thus thou dost hope to elude my sagacity ?  
I never yet heard such a breach of veracity.  
And now to confound thee a miracle see,  
Thy resuscitate victim on legs only three.”  
And there sure enough, with a mighty grunt,  
Stood the three-legged pig at the altar front,  
Alive and merry as when in his sty,  
Except that he hobbled confoundedly.  
One more grunt from the pig, from the priest one more groan,

And the sinner before the altar lay prone.  
Dead, as the poor pig's lost leg-bone.  
And ever since, a miraculous breed  
Of three-legged pigs one another succeed,  
A warning dread, to monk, lover, and spouse,  
Of the punishment due to broken vows.

## TAKING SANCTUARY.

'Tis a sweet time, a gentle time,  
This pleasant time of Spring !  
It makes the human spirit light  
As any bird on wing.

The man of war would sheathe his sword,  
And set his captive free,  
The merchant would forget his gains,  
The proudest, humble be,

Would they but taste this balmy breeze,  
And hear the young birds sing,  
And see how fresh the meadows look  
In this sweet time of Spring.

But, ah ! what sounds so fierce and wild,  
Come clamouring on the ear ?  
Is't that the Baron's hounds are out  
Chasing the dappled deer.

Behold the game ! Father in Heav'n,  
Who formed this world for bliss,  
Forgive the creatures thou hast made  
Their share in scenes like this.

Not wolf, nor boar, nor dappled deer,  
These hunters have in view,  
But flesh and blood, their fellow-man,  
The quarry they pursue.

And wherefore is this horrid chase,  
And whither doth he flee ?  
He fast must run who runs for life,  
To take the Sanctu'ry.

Stripped to the shirt, he labours on,  
Bearing a cross of wood,  
And wheresoe'er his sore feet fall,  
They leave their track in blood.

On his heaved breast big drops of sweat  
Are coursing ceaseless down,  
And every time he breathes, his breath  
Comes rattling like a groan.

Now, now's the time, his aching limbs  
Should serve him in good stead,  
Yet, as he strives to drag them on,  
They seem as made of lead.

The wretch's strength is failing him—  
Louder their clamours swell ;  
The horsemen ride, the footmen run,  
Fiercely the bloodhounds yell.

He'd give a thousand pounds to know  
How far they're off his heels,  
Yet dares not turn to look, although  
Their breath he thinks he feels.

Hold on, hold on, a little while,  
See, there the sacred fane,  
In mercy, Heaven grant him strength,  
But, but to cross this plain.

Oh may the arm that launched that dart  
Lose all its nerve and skill—  
It pierces, does but graze, great God,  
The dog has caught his heel.

Despair his sinews strings afresh—  
With one convulsive bound,  
He leapeth full a score of feet,  
And falls on holy ground.

"Welcome, my son," the good priest cries,  
"Within this peaceful place,  
Thy toil-worn limbs shall find repose,  
Thine erring spirit grace."

He does not hear, he cannot hear  
(Good Christians hence and pray)  
For as he touch'd the hallowed ground,  
He gasped his life away.

Let masses for his soul be said,  
The convent bell go toll.  
Alas ! unshriven he has died,  
God's mercy on his soul !

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE good old time, the good old time—  
 Of violence and blood !  
 When lofty station sheltered crime,  
 And ev'ry strong man stood  
 Supreme to rob, or maim, or kill,  
 As suited best his lordly will.

The good old days, the good old days—  
 Of superstitious dread,  
 When wisest e'en would awe-struck gaze  
 At the bright comet overhead ;  
 And mail-clad men with terror viewed,  
 Bald age and hoar decrepitude.

Ay, ay, good times, good times indeed,  
 Of sloth and ignorance ;  
 When e'en the priest could scarcely read,  
 And fell intolerance  
 Ranged reeking through a darken'd land,  
 With stake and cord and fiery brand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The roof is sacred o'er thy head,  
 Thy children at thy knee ;  
 Before thee is thy Bible spread,  
 To read it thou art free ;



No priest shall snatch it from thy hand,  
No lord to unjust war command

(As fits a serf his suzerain),  
Thy following in frantic broil,  
Or where his avarice may gain,  
Th' opportunity to spoil  
Some tender maid of sire bereft,  
Or hapless widow lonely left.

All that thou earnest is thine own.  
Thy mind, thy body free ;  
In peace thou walkest forth alone,  
Sleep'st in security :  
But for these blessings give God praise,  
Thou liv'st not in "the good old days."

## FRAGMENT OF CHAUCER MODERNISED.

In the eternal volume of the sky  
The stars displayed, are characters on high,  
Where man may read his fortune, and his fate ;  
If dim the tale 'tis from our sunken state  
By sin unfit, that bright page to descry,  
Writ by the finger of the Deity.

## FIRST SIGHT OF ENGLAND.

(AFTER MANY YEARS' ABSENCE.)

LAND ! Land ! The sad weary waste  
Of heaving billows, at length is past.  
Land ! Land ! But a line in sky,  
Half earth, half mist, as mocking the eye,  
Yet well we know by the wild heart's glee,  
'Tis England ! England ! there we see.

Land ! Land ! The good solid strand,  
The firm, the stable, and honest land.  
No more for the shifty wind care we,  
Not a jot for the troublesome tossing sea.  
Though my English heart with pride may swell  
On the waters, I joyously bid them farewell.

Land ! Land ! whether years ago  
Or yesterday left, our hearts still glow  
With the love which warm'd, when last our gaze  
Was fix'd on the dim receding haze ;  
While ere it melted in distant sky,  
Tears half blinded the longing eye.

Land ! Land ! The fond and true  
 Have cast long looks o'er the waters blue ;  
 They have wept and wish'd, and prayed again  
 The wanderers unto their hearts to strain.  
 May He, who has ruled the waves and wind,  
 Grant all we love, we may safely find.

Land ! Land ! No foreboding sad  
 Shall darken an hour so sweet and glad ;  
 The clouds are parting, and clear and bright  
 Flash on us now those cliffs so white ;  
 Our wand'ring over, our dangers past,  
 Land ! Land ! We are home at last.

## THE PLEA OF THE IVY.

(TO ONE WHO THREATENED ITS DESTRUCTION.)

AH, blame me not that with so strong a love  
My arms I clasp round that which I adorn,  
Which else, by time's despite, were left forlorn.  
If harmful in some sort my love should prove,  
Its noble nature is all changed above.  
Spring's sickly wreaths, how speedily ye mourn,  
Summer's luxuriant growth how quickly shorn,  
While autumn's glories flush but to betray,  
Leaving who trust in them all bare and chill.  
Yet nothing can my faithful love remove ;  
For when fair weather flatt'ers shrink away,  
And winter rages, I am constant still,  
Cheerfully green, a shield and shelter form,  
Reckless of biting frost or blinding storm.

Bisham, 1872.

## THE BURNING OF THE "GOLIATH."

(AS TOLD BY AN OLD GRAVESEND SALT TO A MESSMATE IN  
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.)

A DIRTY, foggy morning 'twas,  
Grays loomed large, close a-lee ;  
The little ones was washing decks  
As reg'lar as could be ;  
There were five hundred workhouse lads  
A training for the sea.

"Goliath" was a stout old craft  
(You know the Bible name).  
The little Davids on her books  
Like him were very game.  
Ah ! she was built long, long before  
Iron in fashion came.

The bell had sounded half-past eight,  
As broke the winter's day ;  
On the main-deck 'twas dowsing glims,  
And stowing them away—  
Darn that new-fangled paraffin !  
That, Bill, is what I say.

Young Loëber had the lamps in charge,  
A steady boy, I'm told,  
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till  
He couldn't keep his hold ;  
Down fell the lamp ; along the deck  
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire!" "Beat to quarters!" "Man the pumps!"  
I say 'twas wonderful,  
How all the little fellows trooped  
As if to morning school,  
And had it been a game of play  
They couldn't 'a been more cool.

I've heerd of Balaclava,  
But *they* were bearded men,  
And these were little fellows  
Of thirteen, eight, and ten.  
Some calls 'em gutter children,  
God bless our gutters; then !

The Capt'n he was at his post,  
A smile upon his face ;  
And not one officer or lad  
But knew and kept his place  
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be  
That Fire must win the race.

Most of the little lads could swim ;  
But swim or not, they made  
No noise, but stood as orderly  
As soldiers on parade.  
Bouchier had wife and girls aboard,  
Yet with them boys he stayed.

Till when the pumps no longer drew  
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board ;  
No lowering the boats ! Ship lost !  
The captain gave the word,  
“ Leap from the ports : swim them that can ;  
The rest, trust in the Lord ! ”

One little chap hung round his neck  
A blubbing, “ Burnt you’ll be.  
Jump over first, and then *we’ll* jump.”  
“ No, no, my boy,” says he,  
“ The captain’s last to leave the ship—  
That is our way at sea.”

So young and old their duty did,  
Like sailors, and like men :  
There was Hall, and there was Norris,  
And Gunton, Tye, and Fenn,  
Who swore he’d save the women,  
And did it, there and then.



The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet,  
Needs must when Vulcan drives,  
Hand over hand, in sailor style,  
His daughters saved their lives ;  
Brave girls, you see, right well brought up,  
To make good sailors' wives !

On the tank-barge some twenty boys  
Had climbed dear life to save ;  
The flames burnt fierce, hot sparks fell fast,  
And some will always cave,  
So there arose a cry, " Shove off !"  
All are not equal brave.

But Billy Bolton's boyish voice  
Sang out, " I'm mate in charge :  
There's room enough for plenty more ;  
Hold on, there, with the barge !"  
And so they did ; that little chap  
Has a heart brave and large.

And I do hope that stout young heart  
Still upon duty set,  
And steering steady, he may live  
To wear an epaulet,  
Then, who can say he may not see  
His name in a Gazette !

But I can't tell you half that fell,  
How when they got ashore,  
The kind good women kissed and hugged,  
And stript the clothes they wore,  
To wrap the boys all motherly,  
No mother could do more.

There was a little soldier lad,  
His old ship come to see—  
He's lost! Poor Master Wheeler too,  
Likewise some two or three,  
To Heav'n have with despatches gone,  
All rated there A.B.

Things will go wrong sometimes, whereby  
Shore folk will cut up rough ;  
But such a tale as I have told  
May show them plain enough  
That English sailors still are made  
Of good old-fashioned stuff.

Bath, Christmas-day, 1875.

This Ballad appeared in *Punch*, illustrated by one of Mr. Tenniel's admirable cartoons. It was hastily written, and the author was indebted to the accomplished Editor of that periodical for valuable emendations, most of which are here retained; one new verse has been inserted. The catastrophe occurred on the 22nd December, 1875, and all the incidents related are taken exactly from the deeply interesting narrative of *The Times*. The loss of life, however, proved unhappily larger than was at first supposed.

## "THE DIVINE FIGURE."

Blood from his vesture dripping, lies from tongue,  
"The divine figure from the North" stalks by  
In grimly joy at the foul tragedy,  
For whose last act impious *Te Deums* sung  
Affront God's ear and shock humanity.  
And now exultant mongrels gather round  
The noble quarry standing still at bay ;  
The treacherous Greek, the Servian, beaten hound,  
Who cringing at his feet did mercy pray,  
And swore obedience only to betray.  
Europe looks on complacent ! What dost thou,  
My country, once the bulwark of th' oppress ?  
Wilt thou, a craven, veil thy lofty crest,  
Biding the despot's time, or grapple with him now ?

From *Vanity Fair*, December, 1877.

## SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

DISBAND thine army, England, *sell* thy fleet,  
Shopkeepers were we always, wherefore then  
Prank thee in panoply of nobler men ?  
Now thou art bid wear penitential sheet  
For former deeds of honour, tamely meet  
The foot that spurns thee, and let facile pen,  
And not thy trusty sword, reply again.  
“ *Un pouvoir fini*,” meekly should submit.  
England, no more thy once proud visage lift  
Amongst the nations. One has fought for thee,  
And been by thee deserted ; oh, ’twas thrift  
Worthy of shop-keeping heart, mind, and drift,  
To save thy blood and money, and stand by  
Seeking in her high deeds thine own security.

The date of the above, January, 1878, will sufficiently explain the bitterness of feeling it expresses. Wiser and braver counsels, happily, now prevail.

TO M. W.

Nor for the first time, now have opened wide  
For thee the golden gates, whence fluttering down  
A baby angel nestles at thy side,  
Woman's completion, and of wife the crown.  
But hitherto, ah woe, too brief their stay,  
They have but smiled on thee, and sped away.

Oh, be it thus no more ! The trembling joy  
Circling in all thy veins while clasping now  
God's latest gift, be thine without alloy.  
And sanctified by prayer, still deeper grow  
A mother's holy ecstasy possessing,  
Her longed-for hope, and long deferred blessing.

6th October, 1877.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

As we wend on sad and slow,  
Birthdays into tombstones grow,  
And of mornings once so bright  
Gath'ring tears obscure the light.  
Faint not therefor—onward press  
To that higher happiness,  
Not dependent on the breath  
Here exhaling. Count not death  
Foe of love, but its completion,  
In God's presence full accretion ;  
Where thou'lt bless, beyond "dim earth,"  
Day of death, and day of birth.

## L'ENVOI.

Ah, how many children daily  
On the rough world enter ! Gaily  
Careless some, some bold, some shrinking ;  
Sits at home the father thinking,  
Anxiously about their fate.

Will success their steps attend,  
Lover will they find, or friend ?  
Or will many a ruthless dart,  
All his loved ones strike to heart,  
Leaving him all desolate.

Now, then, my brain children—go—  
Many a happy hour I owe  
To the fancies sweet, bright, free,  
You have sometimes whispered me  
As in loneliness I sate.

E'en fond father, beautiful  
Must not call you ; dutiful  
I've pronounced you, therefore I  
Cheerily will say, good-bye,  
Good-bye, children, small and great !

**"GUZMAN THE GOOD,"**  
(A TRAGEDY);  
**"THE SECRETARY,"**  
(A PLAY);  
AND  
**"MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."**  
By R. J. GILMAN.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"To this grand theme, Mr. Gilman has added little except a few characters; the most important of which is Philippa, whose character is worked out with considerable force and skill. . . . A scene between Juan and Philippa in Act IV. is excellent, and the scene of Pedro's murder is drawn with a keen perception of dramatic incidence. 'The Secretary' is a legitimate comedy . . . the plot and characters are full of interest. . . . It is a play that would 'go' well on the stage, in the hands of high comedy actors."—*London Express*.

"The plays and poems exhibit considerable ability, and the author is entitled to that measure of popularity which will doubtless be accorded him. . . . 'Guzman the Good.' The incidents offer magnificent material for a tragedy, and are turned to excellent account. The leading personages stand out in bold relief. . . . The scene in which Don Juan, enacting the part of an envoy, offers to betray the Moorish camp to Guzman, is very powerful; indeed, the whole of the play, whether in respect of its construction, the dialogue, or characters, is most creditably written, and will stand the test of comparison with most other similar works of the present day. The play of 'The Secretary' is slighter, but equally to be commended. The Miscellaneous Poems are many and various . . . amongst those which have struck us most are: 'Dark Moments,' 'The Oak and the Mistletoe,' &c. &c., and the 'Burning of the "Goliath,"' which appeared in *Punch*."—*Touchstone*.

"'Guzman the Good.' Mr. Gilman has dealt with the subject with considerable skill. 'The Secretary' is a play which with some alteration might be made available for acting."—*Victoria Magazine*.



"Mr. Gilman, entering into the grand spectacle of the sacrifice made for his country's good by Guzman, has written these portions of the play in a very creditable way, the concluding lines being especially forcible."—*London and China Telegraph*.

"If Mr. Gilman has not succeeded in rising to the full height of his tragic theme, he has produced a work by no means devoid of merit. The character of Philippa, Juan's mistress, is well woven into the main plot, and the author deserves credit for the ingenuity with which he makes her jealous love contribute to the catastrophe. 'The Secretary' abounds in improbabilities and absurdities."—*The Theatre*.

"Forty years ago, or even later, there might have been a chance of one or both of these plays obtaining dramatic exposition. . . . There are good situations and strong interest (in Guzman) and there is what is less common, in work of this class—characterisation. . . . The character of Philippa is perhaps the strongest. Her attempted vengeance upon the man who has betrayed her, her easy subjugation when he attempts to cajole her, and her short sharp vengeance when she sees herself once more duped, are very good, and are conceived in the spirit of our older dramas. 'The Secretary' is less ambitious. The play is healthy and sympathetic. . . . The following Scene (A. I. S. 3) is excellent, and should be effective on the stage. . . . There is real stuff in this. Mr. Gilman's dramas are worthy of respect and attention. The same holds good of the poems by which they are followed."—*Sunday Times*.

"The tragedy and the play, which are built on old-fashioned models, have rather amused us, but no possible amusement can be extracted from the other poems. They are tiresome to a degree. . . . A very few lines will show Mr. Gilman's calibre. Here are some about 'The Stormy Petrel,' &c."—*The Athenæum*.

"There is very creditable writing here and there in 'Guzman the Good;' but who on earth would ever have perseverance to wade through the dull and heavy monotony of such a play? Nor is Mr. Gilman much more fortunate in the collection of miscellaneous verses, though not seldom we are surprised at touches of sentiment that gleam on the dull lifeless expanse of his verse as fitful rainbow hues on a pool of standing stagnant water. Of such quality is this love song, possessing in its quaintness, tenderness, and simple unpretentious lines no slight resemblance to the songs of the greatest of English dramatists, and with a sonpçon of Herrick 'Who do precious jewels prize?' the quiet grace and tender quaintness of it seems like an echo of the Elizabethan time. Much less to our taste are some warlike sonnets that *Vanity Fair* probably took for Miltonic, or Byronic, or something else ominous in-ic."—*Light*.

"Both (the plays) are written with skill and vigour, but they appear less adapted for the stage than for quiet perusal. Of the poems we give preference to 'The burning of the "Goliath,"' originally published in *Punch*."—*The Queen*.







